WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR JULY, 1806.

Annexed is an excellent Portrait of the Right Honourable STANDISH O'GRADY, Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer.

The New DIVING APPARATUS. (With a descriptive Plate.)

THE great success that has attended the attempts to raise the property sunk in the Abergavenny East Indiaman, wrecked in January, 1805, near Portland Road, has conferred distinction on the apparatus employed, and entitled it to the special notice of the public. We have introduced in this number of the magazine a sketch from the large print published for W. TONKIN, the inventor, by messrs. Boydell and co. of London.

The machine itself is expressed in the engraving by the figure 2, and consists of a body of copper with iron boots and joints, as in coats of mail. The whole is then covered with leather, and afterwards with canvas painted white, to distinguish it in the water. The arms are made of strong, water-proof leather, and the place for sight is about eight inches diameter, and glazed with glass an inch thick. The diver, mr. Braithwaite, is sunk in this machine by means of weights fastened equatorially round the waist of the machine, and he is suspended by the rope,, fig. 3, by means of which his situation is changed at pleasure.

Fig. 4. is an air tube communicating with the vessel above, by means of which the diver gives his instructions, and obtains his supply of air.

Fig. 1. represents the hull of the Abergavenny, as she lies in ten fathoms water, near the isle of Portland.

Fig. 5. represents the men who communicate with the diver, and act under his instructions.

Fig. 6. represents the men raising a box from the wreck by means of the forceps.

Fig. 7. the power of which increases with the weight which is to be raised.

Fig. 8. represents men on a raft sawing the decks, and making way for the operations of the diver; and fig. 9. is the saw.

In a future number we hope, by favour of the ingenious inventor, to communicate the particulars of the complete success of this apparatus on the Abergavenny.

Britiſh Theatricals, &c.

DRURY-LANE.——*May* 17.

THE young Roſcius played Captain Flaſh for his benefit; but his merit in comedy is very mediocre. The audience did not ſeem to be ſatisfied with the performance.

June 5.] The Mountain Robbers, or the Terrific Horn! frightened all the people out of the theatre before the concluſion.

10.] The ſeaſon cloſed with an addreſs of thanks from mr. Wroughton, under whoſe management the theatre has flouriſhed for ſeveral ſeaſons.

COVENT-GARDEN.

June 2.] The School of Reform was acted for the benefit of meſſrs. Blanchard and Taylor. Lord Avondale was performed by a gentleman, being his firſt appearance, and mr. Bartley, from Drury-lane, was borrowed for Frederick:—ſo barren of actors is this theatre! After the play mr. Taylor treated his friends with imitations of Cooke, Emery, Munden, Kelly, Braham, and Incledon. They were all excellent. Their ſeveral peculiarities were hit off in the happieſt manner, without any approaches to caricature, a fault into which moſt mimics are apt to run: of thoſe who have imitated in public, mr. Taylor muſt be ſet down as the very firſt.

3.] Jane Shore.—This is a moſt diſaſtrous play. Three ſeaſons ago there was a great tumult in the theatre, for want of a Gloſter, and the play was ſcarce admitted to be acted: mr. Claremont read the part. Laſt year mr. Raymond was called upon ſuddenly to undertake the character from ſome miſtake in the arrangement of the parts. On mrs. Lichfield's night, this ſeaſon, mr. Cooke was incapacitated from playing Shore after the firſt ſcene, and mr. Murray went through the remainder. On this evening mr. Kemble was not forthcoming in Gloſter, and the ducal robes were again thrown over the ſhoulders of mr. Claremont, 'albeit unfit for ſtate and majeſty.' Miſs Smith alſo went into hyſterics, and the whole of the third act and part of the fourth were omitted. To make the tragedy ſtill more merry, Emery ſung '*Rumpty-iddledy*' between the acts; and in alluſion to the uproar of the night, Incledon very appropriately followed the play with the Storm, O the delights of a well regulated theatre!!

6.] Maids and Batchelors, or My Heart for Yours—a comedy, by mr. Skeffington, was acted for the benefit of mrs. Mattocks and mr. Farley. This is an alteration of 'The High Road to Marriage,' acted in 1803, for mrs. Glover's benefit at Drury-lane. It was well acted, and received with unanimous applauſe.

13.] Mr. Kemble returned the uſual thanks, after a very profitleſs ſeaſon.

HAYMARKET

Opened on the 9th with the Mountaineers, Octavian by mr. Rae. We will not decide upon this gentleman's capabilities, till we have had a further 'taſte of his quality.'

A miſs Grant, from the Weymouth theatre, has appeared in Phœbe Whitethorn. She acquitted herſelf well, and in little ſing-ſong characters will be found very uſeful. Her ſtyle of acting and ſinging is not unlike that of the late mrs. Mills.

Catch him who Can! a farce, by young mr. Hook, is a pleaſant hodge-podge of pun, pantomime and ſong, and affords an opportunity for Mathews to diſplay his powers of mimicry, which are admirable. He is indeed the life of the piece, which has already been frequently acted, and will not ſoon be laid aſide.

Fawcett has played ſeveral of his moſt popular characters with great ſucceſs. The acquiſition of this excellent comedian compenſates in a great meaſure for the loſs of Elliſton; but the company is not what it ſhould be. With the exception of mrs. Glover, mrs. Gibbs, mrs. Powell, miſs Tyrer, Mathews, the Taylors, Grove, Liſton, Chapman, De Camp, and one or two others, the performers may be content to paſs without criticiſm; and in point of number they are ſomewhat like the apothecary's gallipots in Romeo and Juliet,

Juliet, 'thinly scattered to make up a show.'

[In Dublin, Elliston, Cooke and Lewis, have been performing with tolerable success their favorite characters during the after season.]

Delicate Investigation.—[*From the London Papers.*]

'*WHILE* silence could be preserved upon a subject of which all others required it most, we avoided giving the smallest hint of an investigation of the utmost importance as well as delicacy. But when so many other papers have very rudely brought it forth from private inquiry to public discussion, we feel it to be a duty which we owe to the high parties concerned, and to the nation at large, to correct the mistakes or the misrepresentations which have already appeared.

'Some persons of distinction before the death of the late minister, solemnly declared, and circumstantially described, a certain illustrious female's delivery of a male child. Such an assertion, equally affecting the welfare of the state, and the honour of a distinguished individual, made a suitable impression on mr. Pitt's mind; but was received not only with the most generous disbelief, but with a sort of indignant contempt by the prince. His royal highness was afterwards waited upon by lord Thurlow, who, though he admired the generosity of the prince's sentiment, observed, that such a report, might endanger the repose and tranquillity of the state, and afford some wicked pretence for a disputed succession to the throne.

'As the persons, who at first had made the alledged discovery, were ready to confirm their former assertions upon oath, it became indispensably necessary to refer the matter to a higher authority, though the prince, with that characteristic greatness of soul, which he always displays upon proper occasions, positively refused to be either complainant or accuser.

'A committee of the privy council, consisting of lord Erskine, lord Ellenborough, earl Spencer, and lord Grenville has been appointed for the fullest investigation of this mysterious business; and we are confident that private opinion will readily give way to the decision of such unexceptionable judges.

'The *Herald* has stated one falsehood, that lady D—gl—s is the person, in the first instance, who brought the solemn charge; but which we are enabled to contradict with the fullest confidence.

'It is equally untrue that the earl of Moira, as stated in the *Morning Post*, is one of the committee; for though, no man could be selected of greater honour, integrity, and discernment; yet his known intimacy with the prince would raise, in the minds of both, an insurmountable objection to any interference on his lordship's part, in so delicate a business.

'The example of others shall not tempt us to anticipate, even in conjecture, the report which will, in due time, be laid before the public, on so interesting a question.—*Statesman.*

'Reports of the greatest delicacy and importance with respect to a lady of very high rank, have been for some time in circulation, and have formed almost exclusively the subject of conversation. Of the nature of those reports, we have for some time been informed, but we did not think it becoming to allude to them; and we should still have refrained from doing it, had not every other paper followed a different line of conduct. But were we longer to decline noticing these reports, we might be suspected of a sinister motive for our silence.—What the other papers have published upon the subject, will be found in a subsequent part of this article. What they may hereafter communicate, we shall perhaps, continue to publish. But if our readers expect to receive any original information from us, they will be disappointed. It is a subject too inconsiderately and hastily brought forward, we could have wished it had not been brought forward at all, or at least till investigation, which is stated to be going on, had been completed, and, an official report drawn up. Should any such report

be

be drawn up, we ſhall perhaps be able to communicate it to the public the firſt, though we have purpoſely been the laſt to notice the rumours that have been in circulation.—*Courier.*

'On Friday and Saturday laſt, we thought it our duty to allude in the gentleſt manner in our power to circumſtances of the moſt delicate and important nature, which we know to be paſſing in a high quarter, and which, from being wantonly and widely made the topic of converſation, ſhould be reſted upon ſome probable or well aſcertained grounds. What we have ventured, under theſe impreſſions, to ſtate to the public, has drawn forth information and explanations from perſons, reſpecting whoſe correct knowledge of the facts connected with theſe circumſtances, and the unimpeachable integrity and honour of whoſe character we cannot entertain the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion. Upon ſuch authority we are enabled to ſtate the following particulars:—More than three weeks ago a commiſſion was appointed by order of his majeſty, to inveſtigate and aſcertain the nature of the rumours that have lately been ſent abroad reſpecting the conduct of a lady, not more conſpicuous from her exalted rank, than from her various virtues. The origin of theſe rumours has been traced to a certain baronet and his lady, upon whoſe aſſertion we ſhall at preſent forbear making any obſervation, as perhaps only a few days may elapſe before a regular official report will be made by the commiſſion, to which we have already alluded. How reſpectably that commiſſion is compoſed, will be felt, when we ſtate, that the following high characters are among the members of it, viz.

'Lord chancellor, lord Spencer, lord Ellenborough, lord Moira, (Grenville.)

'The injurious inſinuations to which we have all along alluded, were firſt communicated to the illuſtrious perſonage whom they muſt be ſuppoſed moſt nearly to concern; but he diſdained paying the leaſt attention to them, till, upon being again urged, he thought it his duty to conſult a perſon from whoſe legal knowledge and ſincere and enlightened friendſhip, it was natural to expect the ſoundeſt advice. It was adviſed by that high and revered character (lord Thurlow,) that the matter ſhould be immediately put in a train of inveſtigation, as what more nearly concerned the eſſential intereſts of the ſtate, than the feelings of any individual; and, in conſequence of that advice, the matter was referred to the very higheſt and moſt illuſtrious perſonage in the ſtate, who immediately ordered the above commiſſion.

'The reſult of all the inquiries we have made, and of the information we have obtained from the moſt reſpectable channels, is, that throughout the whole of this delicate buſineſs, a certain illuſtrious perſonage has behaved with the ſtricteſt decorum, and with an anxiety, that every poſſible means may be taken to aſſert the innocence and vindicate the character of the exalted and amiable perſon upon whoſe purity of conduct ſuch foul and unprovoked attempts have been made, to caſt the vileſt and moſt unfounded aſperſions. We were anxious to meet the curioſity of the public, by announcing theſe particulars; we ſhall feel ſtill happier when we are enabled (which muſt be ſoon) to remove every uneaſy impreſſion they cannot fail to labour under, reſpecting a ſubject which ſo naturally comes home to every feeling, generous, and loyal mind. The opinion of the commiſſioners is, we believe, already accurately aſcertained; and their formal report is expected very ſhortly to be made.

'The illuſtrious lady alluded to received the firſt intimation of the above proceedings from a perſon of high rank, who in the moſt delicate manner opened the affair to her, and obſerved, that her ſervants were likely to be called upon to ſtate what they knew.—The lady, with that high ſpirit which belongs to her exalted rank, and in all the dignity of conſcious innocence, replied, 'I ſhall inſiſt on an inveſtigation; and, leſt it ſhould be imagined I might tamper with my ſervants, I will

diſcharge

discharge them all immediately.'—This magnanimous conduct speaks more than a volume of panegyric could do.' —*Morning Post.*

'We stated on Saturday, that a most delicate, and important investigation had taken place under the highest authority. It is an enquiry still pending, in which the honour of a distinguished individual, and the welfare of the state, are inseparably implicated!

'Lady D—gl—s, it appears some short time since, made so solemn and circumstantial a declaration, respecting the conduct of that distinguished individual, as to render it incumbent on an illustrious personage, under the advice of his council, to lay the severe allegations before his ——— ; but this was done without comment or observation on his part. On receiving the statement, his ——— appointed a secret committee of his privy council to proceed to an investigation of the charge without delay. The committee was composed of the lord chancellor, lord Ellenborough, earl Spencer, and lord Grenville—Lady D—gl—s has appeared personally before the committee, and was examined on oath. His royal highness the duke of K—— went down specially to inform the accused of the nature and extent of the charge, and to notify that six female domestics were required to appear before the secret committee. This immediately took place, when they were severally examined upon oath. The examinations, it is understood, are not yet finally closed.

'It would be highly indecorous to hazard a conjecture on the probable event of this serious enquiry. It is sufficient at present to be known, that it is confided to honourable and dignified characters, from whom the public will in due time derive a report, consonant to the pure principles of deliberative justice.

'In the groundless rumours spreading on this occasion, the name of an illustrious personage has been introduced in all the varying ways that might best favour the several objects of misrepresentation: but party malevolence will, with common calumny, lose all pretence for invective, when it is known that the enquiry derives its authority from the highest force, and that the illustrious personage, so far from being either prosecutor or accuser has not even been a complainant in the cause.'—*Morning Herald.*

'Her R. H. paid a visit to mrs. Windham, (the lady of the secretary of state) at her house in Pall Mall, about eight o'clock yesterday evening. This visit to the house of a cabinet minister has excited much attention. It is a proof that not the slightest distrust of the cabinet is entertained upon the case, and that her R. H. is confident of having done nothing that can possibly call for any proceeding on the part of government, further than the present solemn inquiry, which was highly desirable, and as highly desired by her, for the purpose of shewing the total falsehood of the calumny, and those subsequent proceedings for the punishment of the calumniators, which will become an indispensible duty upon the acquittal. It may perhaps be a gratification to the curiosity of some to state, that her R. H. passed into the park at the horse guards, and proceeded along by the rear of Carlton-house and St. James's, out at the Stable-yard and down Pall-Mall, to mrs. Windham's, which is within a few doors of Carlton-house.'—*(Morning Post of Tuesday.)*

'It is confidently asserted, that a great lady, some time before the last birth-day, applied to an illustrious personage for apartments to dress at his house in town, in order to attend the court held on that occasion; but being refused, she gave that circumstance as an excuse for her non-attendance at court. It is farther added, that a demand being made of the cause of this refusal, it was alledged, in reply, that circumstances of an unaccountable nature having of late occurred in the conduct of the party, it must recur to their recollection as an excuse for not being allowed to reside in the house

of

of the ſuppoſed aggrieved and injured perſon to whom we have alluded.'

'It is next ſtated that the ——, to whom this complaint was made, immediately ſuggeſted the neceſſity of an inveſtigation into the alledged impropriety, which was directly aſſented to by both parties; and four of the very firſt characters in the kingdom, whether with reſpect to name, rank, or ſituation, were ſelected to form a committee of enquiry into this moſt delicate affair. The noble perſons named are reported to be the lord chancellor, lord Ellenborough, lord Spencer, and lord Grenville.

'Here we believe the matter reſts, and although many reports are added as to the reſult of this ſcrutiny, yet all is ſtill at iſſue: nay, if we be well informed, the ſtrongeſt reluctance has ariſen in ſome of the characters to whom the inveſtigation has been ſubmitted, to be concerned in ſo unpleaſant a taſk. Such are the grounds of the information which we have received.—*(Oracle.)*

Inſcription for a Cenotaph, to be erected to the Memory of the late Earl Macartney, in Liſſanoure Church, County of Antrim.

A CENOTAPH is to be erected in Liſſanoure church, county of Antrim, to the memory of the above reſpected nobleman, by his niece and ſole heir of his eſtates, mrs. Elizabeth Hume, relict of the late rev. dr. Hume. The following inſcription for it is from the elegant and claſſic pen of the rev. George Henry Glaſſe:

P. M. S.
GEORGII COMITIS DE MACARTNEY;
Vice Comitis de Dervock;
Baronis de Liſſanoure et Parkhurſt;
A Rege Sarmatiæ,
(Ipſe dum regno ſtabat incolumis,)
Equeſtri Ordine Aquilæ Argenteæ;
Necnon apud ſuos,
Ordine Balnei honoratiſſimo donati,
Britanniarum Regis e Conſiliis, &c.
Illum ad Ladogæ paludem,
Illum ad Occidentales Cycladas,
Illum in Imperii Iovis Hammonis Finibus,
Quid plura? Illum inter extremos Seras,
Cæteris Mortalibus iam tum non diviſos,
Pro Rege, pro Patria, pro totius Orbis emolumento,
Strenue, pie, gnaviter, ſe gerentem,
Sua ipſius admirata eſt ætas;
Mirantes commemorabunt poſteri.

Tali tantoque viro,
Poſt indefeſſos labores,
Urbe Londini mortuo, ſuburbanis ſepulto,
ELIZABETHA HUME,
Conſanguinitate neptis,
Amore et adoptione filia,
Hoc cenotaphium, P. C.
Vixit annis, LXIX. Deceſſit, &c. &c.

Dramatic Authors, Readers of their own Works.

THE following anecdotes reſpecting the manner in which ſeveral dramatic writers read their own performances, are borrowed from mr. Cooke's entertaining memoirs of Foote.

Nat Lee—was ſo pathetic a reader of dramatic poe ry, that while he was reciting one of his own plays in the green-room, to major Mohun, the latter, in the warmth of his admiration, threw away the part, and exclaimed 'To what purpoſe can I undertake this character, if I am not able to play it as well as you read it?'

Dryden.—This great poet, though one of the firſt harmonizers of our language, was ſo indifferent a reader, that when he brought his play of *Amphytrion* to the ſtage, Cibber, who heard him give it the firſt reading, ſays, 'Though he delivered the plain ſenſe of every period, yet the whole was in ſo cold, ſo flat, and unaffecting a manner, that I am afraid of not being believed if I ſhould expreſs it.'

Colley Cibber.—Though his voice, as an actor, was occaſionally harſh and unmuſical, particularly in tragedy, he was a fine reciter of comedies in private.

Foote

Foote and Murphy, both excellent judges, have given teſtimony of this; particularly the latter, who heard him read the ſcenes of *Lord* and *Lady Townly* in *The Provoked Huſband*, to mrs. Woffington. It is true, his voice partook of the *old ſchool*, and therefore differed, in ſome reſpect, from that familiarity in modern dialogue, which Garrick introduced; but it was, upon the whole, a fine picture of the manners of the age in which the play was written, and had a very impreſſive effect.

Rowe.—This poet equally excelled in reading well. Mrs. Oldfield, herſelf a fine reciter, and an acknowledged judge, declared, 'that all the merit ſhe acquired in the modulation of her tones, was from Rowe reading his own tragedies.'

Thomſon, Author of the Seaſons.—He read ſo badly, and with ſuch a broad Scotch accent, that he latterly never attempted it, but to divert the company. One of the players was obliged to read his two tragedies of *Agamemnon* and *Sophoniſba*.

Congreve.—Southern ſays of Congreve, 'that when he brought a comedy of his to the players (dr. Johnſon believes it to be the *Old Bachelor*) he read it ſo wretchedly ill, that they were on the point of rejecting it, till one of them good naturedly took it out of his hands, and read it; when they were ſo fully perſuaded of its excellence, that for half a year before it was acted, he had the privilege of the houſe.'

Addiſon.—On the firſt reading of his *Cato* in the green-room, he ſucceeded ſo ill, that he would not attempt it a ſecond time. He therefore conſigned that taſk to Cibber, who acquitted himſelf ſo much better than the author, that the latter requeſted he would perform the part of *Cato*. But Cibber knew his own talents too well for this, and he yielded the part very judiciouſly to Booth.

Hugh Kelly—The author of *Falſe Delicacy*, &c. read very muſically, though with little or no foundation in ſcience. His ear and manner alone carried him through with much ſatisfaction to thoſe who heard him.

Iſaac Bickerſtaff—recited in a voice ſo thick, and a manner ſeemingly embarraſſed, as rendered him not only incapable of giving variety to his tones, but at times ſcarcely intelligible. In reading of his comedy of *'Tis well it's no Worſe*, (ſince cut down to the farce of *The Pannel*) to a ſmall circle of friends, he laid moſt of them aſleep, though juſt after partaking the hoſpitalities of his table.

Dr. Goldſmith—read ſo ſlovenly, and with ſuch an Iriſh brogue, that it was ſometimes difficult to diſtinguiſh his poetry from his proſe. He was ſenſible of this himſelf; and uſed to ſay, 'I leave *the reading of my pieces*, and the *punctuation of them*, to the *players* and the *printers*, for, in truth, I know little of either.'

Some of our living dramatiſts are remarkable for this talent. Sheridan, of courſe, cannot be deficient. Colman reads uncommonly well—alſo Cumberland, Morton, and Boaden.

Select Sentences.

HOW often may we trace the greateſt crimes from neglected indigence, and from the ſufferings of that poor heart, which ariſe from its beſt and moſt ennobling affections!

I once knew a gentleman, who gave extraordinary good dinners ſeveral times a year, and *always* invited to them people whom he knew to *diſ*-like each other; or to have ſome *quarrel*; or to hold various and violent opinions religious or political; to *ſee* how they *ſtrained* to be *civil*:—to *watch* the *pains* they were at to *hinder* their *ire* from *boiling* over:—to *detect* their *ſplenetic glances*, and *acrimonious alluſions*.—All this greatly diverted their hoſt; who thought himſelf amply repaid for his good cheer, by the exhibition of the *blemiſhes* in human nature, when perverted by bad paſſions. But let not my friend be miſunderſtood. He is not an *ill* natured man. On the *contrary*,

trary, he would willingly have *cleanſed* the minds of his gueſts from every offenſive ſpirit; but as *that* was *impoſſible*, and the '*foul fiends*' he well knew would *not* be *ouſted*, he liked to ſee them play their *antic tricks*, and '*mow and chatter*' at each other.

Sweet are the hours of retirement and friendſhip! Far more pleaſing than all thoſe which pomp and faſhion can aſſemble round them, while the *heart* is *cold* and *inſenſible*. Oh! why ſhould any body, with a cultivated mind, a refined taſte, a pure and tender heart, ſigh for ſplendour, and the ſociety of the great and gay?—a ſociety which has *baniſhed affection* out of its precincts. The inhabitants of ſuch a world ſeem to me, in their moſt harmleſs ſtate, bodies without ſouls, or elegant phantoms at beſt. Politeneſs has been defined to be an abridgement of every good quality. But it was the politeneſs of the *laſt* age—which made people equally deſirous to ſhow their good will towards their fellow creatures, as unwilling to give pain. The one innate and permanent, the other acquired and fluctuating; as unlike each other as is tin to ſilver.

True delicacy, like *true* generoſity, is more wounded by an offence *from* itſelf than *to* itſelf.

Q. Z.

Ladies Dreſſes on his Majeſty's Birth-Day.

Her Majeſty

WORE a moſt magnificent dreſs.—A rich white tiſſue petticoat, ornamented with royal ſilver Mecklenburgh net drapery, drawn up with diamond and ruby chains; three ſuperb diamond and ruby bows, with a beautiful diamond feather, which had a ſtriking effect. The mantle to correſpond, trimmed with royal Mecklenburg net ſilk; a profuſion of diamonds and other ornaments. Her majeſty looked uncommonly well, and was in high ſpirits. The dreſs was altogether very becoming.

Princeſs Auguſta.—A richly embroidered crape petticoat, with a very handſome drapery, drawn up on the left ſide with wreaths of beautiful ſhaded or fritellarcia flowers interſperſed with ſilver wheat-ſheaves; on the left a drapery, with points to correſpond; the bottom of the petticoat was ornamented with the ſame kind of flowers; train of rich lilac tiſſue, with royal Mecklenburg net ſleeves. Head dreſs, oſtrich feathers and diamonds.

Princeſs Elizabeth.—An elegant dreſs of blue crape, ſuperbly embroidered with ſilver; on the right ſide of the petticoat, three large draperies richly ſpangled in wreaths of flowers, taſtefully tied together, and finiſhed with maſſy borders of Egyptian network, ſuſpended looſely, and alternately relieving each other; on the left ſide, a long full drapery, embroidered all over, and bordered with a chain of ſilver rings, faſtened together in waves of ſilver bullion; the groundwork in ſtripes the bias way of ſilver chains; the bottom, a rich border of foil in cheques, and ornamented with ſilver bullion; the whole finiſhed with ſuperb cords and taſſels: train of blue and ſilver tiſſue, trimmed with point lace, ſilver fringe, and diamonds.

Princeſs Mary.—A dreſs of pink crape, magnificently embroidered in ſilver over pink ſatin, pointed draperies on the right ſide, elegantly embroidered in bouquets of carnations and fancy flowers, and bordered with the tamerlane chain of ſilver beads and ſpangles; left ſide, a large marking drapery, embroidered in feſtoons of ſilver corn-flowers in wreaths and bunches, tied up with brilliant bows of ſilver; groundwork, large branches of carnations, corn-flowers, &c.; bottom the ſame as that of the princeſs Elizabeth. Train, pink and ſilver tiſſue, trimmed with point lace and ſilver fringe.

Princeſs Sophia.—A pink ſatin petticoat, with drapery of fine black lace ſeparated with a ſcarf of very richly embroidered leaves and lilies of embоſſed work; the bottom of the petticoat, ornamented with ſilver chains and black lace; the robe pink ſatin, embroidered with elegant border of leaves in ſilver.

Duche

Duchefs of York.—A lilac fatin petticoat, covered with Bruſſels lace draperies; two large wreaths of embroidery in the real ſilver oriental lame, inlaid with Bruſſels lace, and ornamented with cords and taſſels of ſilver: train of lilac ſatin, richly ſpangled and trimmed with ſilver. Head dreſs diamonds and feathers. White ſilk ſhoes trimmed with ſilver, and adorned with roſettes.

Princeſs Duriatinſky.—Petticoat of white crape, with deep ſilver Etruſcan border; draperies worked in coronets of the real ſilver oriental lame, with a beautiful border of the ſame: train white crape, ſpangled with a border of rich ſilver embroidery. Head-dreſs, diamonds and feathers. This lady wore an immenſe quantity of jewels.

Duchefs of Northumberland.—White ſatin petticoat, with a ſuperb drapery of yellow applique crape, with a rich Etruſcan border to correſpond, ornamented with Grecian taſſels; manatua of yellow crape, with a border to match. Head dreſs yellow crape, with a tiara of diamonds.

Duchefs of Dorſet.—White crape petticoat, decorated with jonquille crape, richly embroidered with ſilver wheat-ears, an embroidered drapery taſtefully drawn up with taſſels a l'Egyptienne, and a rich taſſel fringe, with an embroidery in foil ſtones; train yellow watered farſnet, trimmed with fringe, and foil ſtones to correſpond. Head-dreſs, a ſuperb diamond tiara, with jonquille and white feathers.

Duchefs of Rutland.—A blue crape dreſs over white ſatin, looped up with ſilver bead chains, and faſtened with ſilver arrows. Head-dreſs, feathers and diamonds.

Marchioneſs of Saliſbury—Was elegantly attired in a primroſe petticoat, taſtefully ornamented with very rich ſilver gauze, and wreaths of vine leaves, gracefully faſtened up with ſilver loops; the train and body to correſpond; the ſleeves of point lace and ſilver. Her ladyſhip's head dreſs conſiſted of primroſe and white feathers, with a profuſion of diamonds. Her ladyſhip looked in her uſual ſtyle of elegance.

The marchioneſs of Thomond.—A white crape petticoat over yellow farſnet ornamented with wreaths of lilacs, in coloured foil, intermixed with ſhaded foil green leaves, with the moſt happy effect; from the centre of the feſtoon a large ſprig of the ſame flowers; bottom to correſpond; pocket-holes beautifully ornamented with green and ſilver; yellow train of farſnet, ſleeves drawn up and faſtened with diamonds; head-dreſs, diamond bandeaus, white and green feathers. The brilliants worn by her ladyſhip were the moſt beautiful and expenſive at court. We never remember to have ſeen her ladyſhip in better health and ſpirits.

Counteſs of Jerſey—Was one of the moſt elegant dreſſed ladies at court: the petticoat and draperies were moſt ſuperbly embroidered in bright and matted ſilver foil beads, in a rich antique pattern, and handſome antique medallion cornets in the ſame curious and coſtly embroidery; the drapery ſupported with rich tolio rope and Chineſe taſſels of ſilver; body, train, and ſleeves, alſo richly embroidered in ſilver foil beads: the whole of this dreſs, which was formed of apple-bloſſom crape, was univerſally admired for its ſingular neatneſs and ſuperb elegance. Head-dreſs, plume of fine apple bloſſom oſtrich feathers, with a brilliant coronet of diamonds.

Counteſs of Cholmondeley—White crape petticoat, with ſuperb ſilver border draperies of crape, ſprigged with ſilver, and ornamented with a very large wreath of French lilacs; train of lilac farſnet, trimmed with ſilver; head-dreſs diamonds and feathers.

Counteſs Mexborough, and her daughter, lady Sarah Saville—Dreſſed in a moſt unique and elegant manner, looking beautiful. The compoſition was a net, of the natural colour of the ſilk-worm, thrown over white ſatin and ornamented with rich ſilver beads; head dreſs white oſtrich feathers, and a profuſion of jewels.

Countess of Buckinghamshire.—A petticoat of lavender colour, with white crape, ornamented with beads and satin leaves, and an embroidered border, which formed a drapery. The whole was much distinguished for its novelty, simplicity, and elegance. A train of white crape, trimmed with a fancy trimming of lavender. Her ladyship looked extremely well, and displayed her usual taste.

Countess Manners.—A bright green farsnet train, and crape petticoat of the same colour, richly embroidered in shades of green foil and lilac, in a border of wheat ears and leaves, finished with a tassel fringe at bottom. The drapery richly strewed with stars, edged with a laurel wreath, and tied up with rich roses and tassels. Her ladyship's head was ornamented with embroidered crape and wreaths, to correspond with her dress.

Countess of Pembroke.—A white crape petticoat richly embroidered in gold; draperies of green farsnet, with a rich embroidery of gold forming a most beautiful antique ferole, groundwork of spangles, and the draperies suspended with a rich cord and tassels; train of green farsnet, trimmed with gold fringe; body and sleeves richly embroidered in gold.

Countess of Hereford.—A white crape petticoat, appliqued in silver, bordered with a wreath of laurel, embroidered in lilac and silver; draperies of lilac and silver, with a superb border to correspond; the whole finished with a very deep silver fringe, and large rope and tassels; train lilac and silver, with sleeves of rich ditto net, fastened up with wreaths of embroidered laurel.

Countess Glanbraffil.—White crape petticoat, bottom striped with ribbon cord, and drapery wholly composed of Brussels lace; body and train of silver grey; sleeves of Brussels lace. Head-dress, white crape cap, richly ornamented with diamonds and pearls.

Countess Temple.—A lavender coloured dress of crape and satin, richly embroidered with silver; the drapery edged with points of embossed silver, and looped up with ropes of silver beads, fastened with silver arrows. Head-dress, lavender-coloured feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Westmorland.—Petticoat and mantle, draperies of green crape, with a superb applique of green foil, beads, and rich mantle corners; the drapery festooned up and ornamented with green foil snake-rope and tassels; train green crape, with the same applique in foil. Head dress, a brilliant display of the finest diamonds, and a plume of fine green ostrich feathers.

The Countess of Kenmare—Wore an elegant dress of lemon-coloured crape, fancifully ornamented with branches of lilies; the train to correspond. This dress, though simple, was one of the most elegant we have seen, and quite suited to the taste of the fair wearer.—The head dress consisted of yellow feathers relieved by very rich diamonds; and we never saw her ladyship look better.

Lady Grenville.—Head-dress, a magnificent crescent of diamonds, out of which from behind issued a beautiful turret of white ostrich feathers, the whole encircled with an elegant diamond bandeau; the train of plain white crape; the body, sleeves, and petticoat of the same, but superbly embroidered in silver, pearl, and spangles, in the Grecian style, relieved by small diamond figured spangling: the bottom of the petticoat edged round with silver laurel; the body semicircled with a chain of diamonds.

The Ladies Percys.—White satin petticoats, with puckerings of purple crape, rich vandyke embroidery in silver relief, with white lame tassels à l'Egyptienne; train purple crape, richly ornamented to correspond. Head-dresses, purple tiaras embroidered, and elegant plumes to match. The peculiar elegance of these dresses attracted general admiration.

Lady Arden's dress attracted much notice, both from its elegance and neatness. The petticoat of white crape, elegantly embroidered with silver, and interlined with yellow farsnet; the body and sleeves ornamented with silver, to correspond. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Lady

Lady Parker.—White crape petticoat, richly embroidered in silver and Chinese pearls; drapery to match, ornamented with beautiful point lace, peach blossoms, silver coral and tassels; train, pink and silver. The novelty and elegance of this dress were particularly admired.

Lady Milbank.—White satin petticoat, puckering of lavender-coloured crape; drapery of the same, ornamented with blonde, and raised silver roses; train lavender and silver sarsnet, trimmed with blonde, and silver roses to correspond: the *tout ensemble* was one of the richest dresses at court.

Lady Helen Hall.—Petticoat blue sarsnet: on the right side a falling drapery of white crape, richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace and pearl; on the left a sash, fastened with cords and tassels of the same; body and train to correspond. The elegant neatness of this dress displayed great taste.

Lady Caroline Waldegrave.—Crape petticoat, ornamented with a broad silver stripe in the middle, spotted richly with silver, trimmed with silver fringe at the bottom; white crape robe, trimmed with silver; head dress, diamonds and white feathers.

Lady Mary-Ann Browne.—This beautiful young lady wore a dress particularly remarked for its simplicity and elegance: it consisted of white crape draperied with lace, and festoons of blown roses; the train and body to correspond. Her ladyship's head-dress consisted of white and pink feathers, and bandeau of roses. The whole was particularly becoming, and universally admired.

The Hon. Mrs. Drummond.—White crape petticoat beautifully embroidered with silver, the train and body of primrose sarsnet, tastefully ornamented with point lace, silver, and pearls.—Head-dress, tiara of silver and diamonds, and rich plume of ostrich feathers.

The Hon. Mrs. Burton Bennet.—White crape petticoat with festoons of yellow point, fastened up with branches of dead silver grapes, and terminated with silver leaves, which had a grand and beautiful effect. Across the petticoat one of the most beautiful dresses of yellow crape we ever remembered to have seen, with a running pattern of dead silver grapes, and burnished silver vine-leaves, with stalks of steel—the effect strikingly beautiful; trimmed with falling yellow and silver bells: yellow crape robe trimmed with yellow points and silver, the sleeves tastefully trimmed to correspond: head-dress, yellow feathers and diamonds, intermixed with great taste.

Mrs. George Ward.—Lilac crape spotted with silver, with rich running pattern down the front, most beautifully ornamented with lilac and silver; the border of the coat was most beautifully ornamented with silver and shell-work; train and sleeves to correspond. Head dress, white and lilac feathers, with diamonds.

Mrs. Mainwaring.—A petticoat of pale yellow and silver, finished with a deep silver fringe, ornamented with a drapery of white and silver, trimmed with silver fringe, &c. train of yellow figured silk, trimmed to correspond, and finished with lace point.

Miss Emily Smith.—Body and train blush-colour sarsnet, trimmed with blond, and a wreathing of small rows; petticoat white crape, a Grecian drapery elegantly drawn up and interspread with bunches of blush roses. This dress displayed superior taste, and was more admired than any one at court.

Ode for his Majesty's Birth Day, 1806.
By H. J. Pye, Esq. P. L.

LONG did chill winter's dreary reign
Usurp the promis'd hours of spring;
Long Eurus o'er the russet plain
Malignant wav'd his noisome wing:
O'er April's variegated day
The frolic zephyrs fear'd to play;
Th' alternate change of suns and showers
Call'd not to life her silken flowers;
But arm'd with whirlwind, frost, and hail,
Winter's ungenial blasts prevail,
And check her vernal powers.

But

But o'er the renovated plain,
See Maia lead her ſmiling train
Of halcyon hours along;
While burſt from every echoing grove
Loud ſtrains of harmony and love,
Preluding to the choral ſong
Which opening June ſhall votive pour
To hail with proud acclaim our monarch's natal hour.

Still muſt that day, to Britain dear,
To Britons joy impart;
Cloudy or bright, that day ſhall wear
The ſunſhine of the heart.
And as before the fervid ray
That genial flows in ſummer ſkies,
Each cloud that veil'd the beam of day
Far from the azure welkin flies;
So may each cheerleſs miſt that ſeems
A while to cloud our proſpects fair,
Diſpell'd by hope's enlivening beams,
Our brightening ether fly, and melt away in air.

A while though Fortune adverſe frown,
By timid friends their cauſe betray'd,
With boſom firm and undiſmay'd,
On force depending all their own,
A living rampire round their parent lord,
The Britiſh warriors graſp th' avenging ſword;
While youths of royal hope demand the fight,
To aſſert a monarch and a father's right;
United in one patriot band,
From Albion's, Evin's, Caledonia's land,
Elate in arms indignant ſhine
The kindred heroes of the Briton line,
To whelm invaſion 'neath our circling flood,
Or ſtain our verdant fields with Gallia's hoſtile blood.

Characteriſticks. No III.

BLOTUS is, in his own conceit, an important character. When he talks, his face always puffs and ſwells into conſequence, his little eyes ſtare, and his cheeks fill. If he ſtands, he ſtrutts, and raiſes himſelf on his toes. If he ſits down, his right arm is always placed over the elbow of his chair, and the right leg over his knee of the left. Blotus imagines himſelf the greateſt man in the company; and though he ſays nothing, or what amounts no nothing, he looks as if he was wondrous wiſe and cunning upon every ſubject of converſation. The eye, which the admirable Lavater deſcribes as being the ſeat of character, and which has been called the window of the ſoul, though perhaps better deſcribed as the ſky-light into that attic region where the brains uſually reſide, preſents a miſerable unfurniſhed apartment with a little rubbiſh laid up in a corner. If Blotus is aſked a queſtion, he anſwers with the moſt profound gravity, as if every thing depended on his anſwer. Blotus is never ſo much delighted as when he can have an opportunity to ſhow contempt for weak intellects, abſurdity of conduct, or reduced circumſtances; not from any abſolute malevolence, but from the opportunity it gives him of ſhowing ſuperiority. Blotus likes to call one man a fool; to ſay to another, 'Well, it is your own fault: Would any body have acted as you did? Why didn't you conſult me?' and to a third, 'I told you that it would be ſo: Why didn't you take more care?' Somebody has once told Blotus that he was clever, and he has fancied himſelf ſo ever ſince, although he has not one of the powers of the mind. His memory is ſtowed in bulk with a variey of articles without form or feature, a mere '*indigeſta moles.*' His reaſon is a tedious experimental proceſs, that weighs over and over again the drugs his memory has collected. His imagination is a confuſed maſs of images, the children of blunder and miſcomprehenſion. Blotus is never without his conſidering cap on his head; the ſmalleſt trifles are to him of importance; he is agitated and convulſed at the very idea of ſeeing a GREAT man; he cannot ſtand ſtill, he fidgets about from place to place, tells every body his buſineſs that will liſten, and fancies that his affairs are of as much conſequence to every body as to himſelf.

himſelf. If he happens to get into company with a ſtranger, he is ſilent until he has gathered from ſome one their opinion of him; he treats him accordingly. If he underſtands that he is clever, he honours him with the attention of opening his mouth as wide as he can, and ſtaring at him with his eyes fixed. If, on the contrary, he hears that he is an inſignificant or ſilly perſon, he averts his looks, ſwells and gets big with vanity and pride, and will have nothing to ſay to him. *Blotus* is of no conſequence but in his own opinion, or in the opinion of the vulgar.

GARRULUS is a very convivial pleaſant companion; but the worſt of him is, that he will tell what he calls a *good* ſtory, and which he always does in its *worſt* way. You may ever know, by a kind of proem or preamble, when Garrulus is going to begin; but nobody knows when he will end, and, what is ſtill more vexatious, it is odds but that you have heard it twenty times before. Thoſe who know him are always in agony when they ſee the paroxyſm coming on, and endeavour by all manner of means, as ſoon as they obſerve the ſymptoms, to divert his attention. Stentor, whoſe lungs are extremely good, and who ſuffers with others when he hears his friend Garrulus ſeized with the fit, always manages to be taken with a cough, or elſe talks ſo loud to his next neighbour at table as to drown the ſubject at its outſet, for which every body preſent are very thankful. Garrulus is not only tedious and prolix in his ſtories, but introduces ſo much digreſſion, and ſo many epiſodes, that you loſe the thread of the narrative, and fancy that it is another ſtory. Homo, who is a very humourous fellow, takes care to ſit next his friend Garrulus, to keep him, as he calls it, in order, and contrives, at the very inſtant that he has his ſtory ready, to tread upon his corns. Homo begs pardon, and continues begging pardon until he has completely put it out of the caſe to renew the ſubject. Garrulus is, however, very tenacious on that head: he looks a little offended at firſt; but the deſire of telling another ſtory is uppermoſt; Garrulus, therefore, forgives the interruption, and you find him, like the ſpider whoſe web has been deſtroyed, immediately at work again about another. It is in vain to attempt to ſtop him by fair means; he is incorrigible; he muſt tell a ſtory; and if he had not an opportunity during dinner to gratify this part of his pride, he would return home as diſappointed as if he had loſt the chance of receiving a conſiderable ſum of money. Garrulus, however, if he cannot tell a ſtory any where elſe, tells it at home; his man is ſure to have the ſuperflux; and as he is always civil enough to laugh, the matter ends very well, and he goes to reſt ſatisfied. While Tom is pulling off his maſter's boots, he uſually is on the broad grin, and his office is to ſtand until he is diſmiſſed, liſtening to all the bon mots that have been returned undiſpoſed of. The poor lad looks as if he heartily wiſhed the buſineſs over; but has art enough to know his cue. His predeceſſor was turned away becauſe his features were ſo unhappily formed, that he could not for the ſoul of him bring them to a laugh. Garrulus has not diſcernment enough to diſcover the impatience painted in the boy's face, and miſtakes the ſerious aſpect between the grins for the impreſſion his ſtory has made, and which Garrulus thinks the lad is turning over in his mind; though the fact is, his thoughts are in the kitchen with Stella the cook-maid, who has promiſed him ſome ſtewed oyſters or hot cockles for his ſupper. Garrulus is, nevertheleſs, but half a fool; but then it is his beſt half; the other is a compound of littleneſs, meanneſs, falſe pride, and arrogance. Garrulus is never good-tempered but when he is telling a ſtory, and never pleaſed but when he is in the act of making every body elſe uneaſy, diſcontented, and diſatisfied.

PROPLASMUS is a ſelf-created critic; he aſſumes an acute judgment, and expects every body to be governed by his opinion. He is, however, ſenſible of his own incapacity; and the cenſure

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he beſtows on others is not the effect of a deliberate and fair conſideration of the ſubject, but of his deſire to level, and to bring every body to his own ſtandard. He is ſo naturally envious, that he would not give the ſmalleſt nook in the temple of fame to a deſerving contemporary. He does not like even to hear praiſe beſtowed upon the dead; but he ſubmits to it, becauſe he knows that few will carry their envy ſo far as to liſten to him. He is like a woman of bad character, who always endeavours to prove every woman to be as faulty as herſelf. Proplaſmus knows that he is no author; that he cannot write; that he does not even know what is good writing: but this enables him to act the critic better; for that which would pleaſe a real judge is cavilled at by Proplaſmus, who appears to the vulgar and ordinary a man of wonderful capacity, becauſe he looks wiſe and wears ſpectacles. Proplaſmus has a natural averſion for real genius, and would ſooner praiſe the humbleſt pretender to merit, than acknowledge the ſame ſort of talent in another which he pretends to poſſeſs in himſelf. Proplaſmus forgets, that to obtain praiſe it muſt be generouſly beſtowed where due; it is a commodity mutually given and received. Proplaſmus, however, holds up his head as above the neceſſity of commendation; he ſmiles at either your approbation or cenſure, becauſe he is inflated with his own conceit, and fancies that he can pronounce his own capabilities. When Proplaſmus decries the works of others, he is not aware that the public is the moſt liberal court of appeal; that they will not be guided by his judgment; but that men of ſcience and erudition will give their unprejudiced fiats, which, added together, confirm fame or diſgrace upon an author. Proplaſmus ſhould know, that ineffectual is malice, much more petty wanton malice, which, by dragging its victim into light, preſents him before judges who will liſten to his cafe; and thus it frequently happens that, by its own injuſtice and ſeverity, it defeats the very end it would produce, and gives honour, inſtead of ridicule, to the object of its envy.

Proplaſmus haſten to thy cloſet, unbend thy mind, open thy heart, quarrel not with thy brother authors. The public may be diverted with your battles, but, like a man and wife who are always diſagreeing, you debaſe each other in the end. If you fall out, fall out in jeſt only. Agree how you ſhall diſagree, if you would bring each other into notice, and ſettle, like lawyers, how much of each other's caſe you will admit to the other. Then you may enjoy without moleſtation your ſeveral portions of fame; and Penumbras, the great author and philoſopher, will allow Proplaſmus to be the model of critics.

G. B.

The Shamrock of June.

The Praiſe of Drumantchugh.

IRELAND is divided into provinces, counties, baronies, pariſhes, and townlands; a townland therefore is the ſmalleſt of its diviſions. The townland of Drumantchugh, in the county of Down, is bounded by Cregaveny on the eaſt, Aghandunvaren on the ſouth, Taughblan on the weſt, and Culcavy on the north. Theſe primitive names we are unable to explain, being totally ignorant of the Iriſh language: but undoubtedly they have a meaning; for, as we have remarked elſewhere, the ancient names of places in this country were generally given them from the properties of the diſtricts to which they refer: our buſineſs at preſent will be briefly to deſcribe and to praiſe. Drumantchugh therefore is ſituated immediately to the weſt of Hillſylvania, from which it is parted by a brook: the new road to Gilford leads through it, croſſing which road runs a line of firs, that has a pleaſing effect. This townland is thinly inhabited, being chiefly converted into what are called town parks, which are remarkably rich and good: moſt of our medicinal plants and muſical birds may be ſeen in them. Yet this diſtrict contains ſome neat cabins,

bins, with gardens to correſpond of a ſimple elegance, where the beauty of the marigold ſeems to vie with the fragrance of the bean, for the compliment of our attention. An artificial rivulet, conveying water to a mill, runs through its ſouthern extremity, and falls into the brook above mentioned; near which, within our remembrance, once grew conſiderable orchards.

But what chiefly Drumantehugh requires the pen of the topographer for, are the many agreeable proſpects that it affords, which if we were to pourtray to the extent they ought to be, the leaves of the Shamrock would not contain them. Beheld at a diſtance, we may juſt mention Moira, with its noble woods; Liſburn, with its new and lofty ſpire; the environs of Belfaſt, ſtudded with white houſes: the moſt beautiful of the neighbouring proſpects is the town of Hillſylvania, with its northern and ſouthern vicinities. If a painter were deſired to draw the beſt view of this admired village, he would probably chooſe this ground for his ſtation; as he would have under his eye, firſt, the leſſer demeſne of the marquis of Downſhire, his ſumptuous culinary garden, his princely dwelling houſe, with the lofty ſpire of the church riſing above all the buildings and trees; next, a ſtreet of the town leading into the ſquare, where on a market day the people may be diſtinctly ſeen walking and tranſacting buſineſs; then, embowered among trees the parſonage houſe, at preſent occupied by one of the beſt preachers in Ireland, the rev. John Dickſon, A. M. archdeacon of Down; and laſtly the groves of Aghandunvaren, ſtretching away towards the ſouth. Such would be the principal figures on his canvas, and ſurely they would make an excellent picture? We cannot pretend to be a connoiſſeur in theſe matters, but to our own taſte the view of Hillſylvania from this poſition is the moſt engaging of any.

In the preceding paragraph we mentioned archdeacon Dickſon as a capital preacher, and ſhall now proceed to confirm that aſſertion, by ſtating ſome of his perfections. To a good perſon and a liberal education he joins a clear harmonious voice, which he can alter at pleaſure, according to the nature of his arguments: if his arguments demand coolneſs, he can be cool; if they demand vehemence, he can be vehement. He is not a philoſophical preacher, but inculcates moral duties from evangelical principles; and, what makes him truly eloquent, his own life and behaviour are an example of the virtues which from the pulpit he recommends.

Such are ſome of the topics that have often been ſuggeſted to us in walking through Drumantehugh. We ſhall only add, that the road through this townland has a narrow path on one ſide of it, whereon one may walk with as much comfort, when the road is wet, as when it is dry; beſides, the path is bordered with flowering furze, that contributes much to the pleaſure of the walk.

On Taſte.

TASTE may be defined that power of the mind, which perceives grandeur, beauty and harmony in things: it is not a deduction of reaſon, but an original power of the human mind. This may be collected from its being found more or leſs in all men, even before they begin to compare their ideas and draw concluſions from premiſes. In its moſt imperfect ſtate it breaks forth in the rude oratory of the Indian, and when operating with complete efficacy, directs the poliſhed compoſitions of a Horace and a Thomſon. Hence ariſes an argument againſt the authenticity of the poems of Oſſian, becauſe theſe poems diſcover in their author a degree of taſte, which no one in a ſavage ſtate could poſſibly poſſeſs. Conſidered as works of fancy, from the inventive pen of their ſuppoſed tranſlator, they muſt always be read with the higheſt delight; but with reſpect to hiſtorical truth, and the aſſumed exception of the ancient Caledonians to other barbarians, they deſerve no regard.

Men in a ſtate of nature are chiefly occupied in procuring the means of ſubſiſtence,

ſubſiſtence, and not until they become in ſome meaſure eaſy in their circumſtances, and have their property protected by regular government, do they think of cultivating the fine arts. Homer wrote three hundred years after the Greek heroes whom he celebrates, and Rome was conſiderably advanced in the career of empire, before Plautus and Ennius, the firſt of the Latin poets, flouriſhed. But, when once wealth and ſecurity have appeared in a nation, taſte never fails to appear along with them, and then becomes one of the ſtrongeſt propenſities and higheſt diſtinctions of a civilized people.

Taſte is much more univerſally diffuſed among men than genius, ſince we meet with many perſons capable of appreciating the merits of a compoſition, who nevertheleſs are no compoſers themſelves. The ſame means however of improving genius alſo improve taſte, and where it is ſo, not general beauties only, but the moſt minute and delicate graces of compoſition are diſcovered and reliſhed. In this refined ſtate does taſte ſubſiſt at preſent in Great Britain and Ireland, nor only in works that have been long under the reviſion of their authors does claſſical diction prevail, it prevails no leſs in the haſty paragraphs of our periodical journals, where the elegant ſimplicity of the London writers, correſponding with the Attic elegance of the ancient Grecians, deſerves particular commendation.

The pleaſures of taſte, though not ſo elevated as thoſe of reaſon, are nevertheleſs of the pureſt kind. Nature is decorated with innumerable graces for the ſake of man; but in order to enjoy them he muſt be of a devout and benevolent diſpoſition. With this qualification, he who is poſſeſſed of a good taſte will be happy, wherever he goes and whatever he does. If he walks through the country, he will be delighted by the beauty of flowers, the murmurs of ſtreams, and the melody of birds; if he perambulates the city, he will be captivated by the pomp of opulence, the ardor of induſtry, and the faſhionable gait of the citizens; if he retires into a private company, he will be charmed with the cordiality of friends, the civility of acquaintances, and the modeſty of the fair ſex; if he reads a new publication, he will be entertained by the ſolidity of the reaſoning, the perſpicuity of the method, and the harmony of the periods; if, laſtly, he joins in the public worſhip of the Almighty, he will be gratified by the eloquence of the miniſter, the decorum of the audience, and the conſciouſneſs of diſcharging a religious duty.

Since then a refined taſte is of ſo much importance towards the happineſs of life, let us endeavour to have our own as refined as poſſible, conſiſtent with ſimplicity; and let us never forget, that a proper enjoyment of this power, as well as of all our mental faculties, depends on the practice of virtue, which is the univerſal charm, and the univerſal good.

The Glen of Culcavy.

WHERE yonder glen, umbrageous winds,
A calm retreat for ſtudious minds,
Beneath its foliage let me ſtray
At noon, ſafe from the ſolar ray;
Bright ornaments of June to view
The hyacinths of gloſſy blue;
Or mark the ſunbeams through the boughs
Illume the walk, as zephyr blows;
Or watch the water from the mill
Steal through the leafy wood, until
Down the ſteep rock with daſhing ſound
It falls into the gulph profound:
Then let me mark the troubled ſtream,
While bubbles on its ſurface gleam,
Reſume its wonted peace, and glide
Into the flowery paſture wide,
Where the proud ſteed is ſeen to graze,
Exulting in the noontide blaze;
While near me lively linnets ſing,
Making the glen with muſic ring:
Delightful glen, that might inſpire
The warblings of the laureat lyre,
What time the beſt of poets ſings
In honour of the beſt of kings.

Hillſylvania. AGLAUS.

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady.
(Continued from Page 344.)

CHAP. XXII.

FROM this ſtate, ſo nearly approacing to inſenſibility, was our heroine recalled by conte Vicenza and Gonzalvo, who entered the dungeon in about an hour after ſhe fell. Pale, trembling, and diſmayed, ſhe aroſe from her pallet; but without power to ſtand, ſhe ſunk upon the only ſeat her priſon afforded. Wiſtfully ſhe looked around her; but nothing could ſhe ſee of what had ſo dreadfully alarmed her. Gonzalvo trimmed, lighted the lamp, and departed, leaving Polydore to perſecute ſtill further the hapleſs innocent victim of his villany, and who now beheld him with additional abhorrence; for, beſide the depravity of his conduct towards herſelf, he now ſtood confeſſed to her as the pre-meditating murderer of her beloved brother. Her ſoul ſickened at the preſence of this arch-fiend; her frame was chilled with horror as ſhe viewed him, who haſtened to demand her final determination. But ere ſhe replied, ſhe mentally addreſſed a fervent prayer to Heaven, to ſupport her in a firm adherence to thoſe reſolutions her ſenſe of rectitude inſpired; nor to allow the horrors ſhe had in that dungeon encountered, or thoſe more dreadful which ſhe might be threatened with, to enervate her mind, and terrify her from that path which virtue herſelf marked out. At length ſhe anſwered, and ſpoke, with firmneſs, a determined unequivocal negative to his vile propoſition.

Again the conte urged his ſuit with all the ſophical rhetoric a mind profound in art could ſupply him with, threatening every calamity to her which he knew her ſpotleſs ſoul would revolt from if ſhe ſhould perſiſt in her preſent determination. But inſtead of beguiling her reaſon, or intimidating her firmneſs, he had the mortification of each moment perceiving the tones of her mind viſibly acquiring new power; and, irrevocable as death, he found her reſolution to encounter every horror don Manuel and his dæmons might torture her with, rather than yield to a meaſure replete with danger to her beloved brother.

'You then, Victoria,' ſaid the conte in a phrenſy of rage, diſappointment, and mortification, 'you then decidedly reject my honourable protection, and willingly remain here a prey to vice? Little did I imagine depravity had ſhelter in that boſom; and that you, whom I fondly thought the moſt ſpotleſs child of virtue, would voluntarily await a fate that purity would ſhrink from.'

Victoria darted a look of ineffable ſcorn upon him—'Whatever fate may await me here,' ſhe replied, 'I prefer it, infinitely prefer it, to becoming the wife of a man whom every good property of my ſoul recoils from. Great is the difference made, in the records of heaven's chancery, between voluntary and involuntary action. Unwillingly was I brought hither; by force am I detained here; and whatever may befall me through the villany of others my judge will not condemn me for. But were I to ſign that contract, knowing, as I do, the dreadful crime it would occaſion—yes, conte Vicenza, knowing it would be the *fiat* for my beloved Alphonſo's aſſaſſination—my ſoul would find no mercy. I act from principles which tortures ſhall not ſhake.'

Her manner was even more deciſive than her words. It ſpoke not the tranſient enthuſiaſm of the moment; its language was the firmneſs of a ſoul reſolved; and conte Vicenza, overwhelmed with ſhame and amazement at the knowledge of his meditated aſſaſſination of conte Arioſto being no ſecret to her, quitted the dungeon in a fermentation of contending paſſions, with their concomitant miſeries, and uttering a thouſand threats of vengeance for her obſtinacy and ingratitude; when Victoria, believing his departure to be the ſignal for Garcias to return and renew his ſavage ſport of tormenting her, and feeling that her enfeebled frame could not long ſuſtain ſuch cruelty, calmly and humbly ſunk upon her knees with all the fervent piety of a

true christian, without a single murmur at a doom so sad and unmerited; satisfied that death would soon rescue her from every ill; and, as a christian devoted to die within a given time, she hastened to prepare for the awful and inevitable moment of dissolution; and in about four hours after the conte's departure, had an assassin entered her cell, she would have met the stroke of death undismayed. But not with such heavenly serenitude did she receive don Manuel, who appeared alone,

With the air and manner of a most ardent and respectful lover he approached the lovely, agitated, persecuted Victoria; to whom he apologised, with all the insinuating blandishments his designing heart and flowery eloquence could supply him with, for the ungentle treatment she had received through the unfortunate supposition of her mental derangement; but that now, from the ingenious confession of dottore Impazzato, who had just acknowledged his reprehensible mistake, and proclaimed her intellectual health, he was come to implore her pardon, and to conduct her from that wretched abode where ignorance had placed her.

He now offered his hand to lead our heroine, who accepted it with a tacit resignation of hopelessness, but with a tremor so excessive, that it was with difficulty she proceeded from the dungeon, to the library, where conte Vicenza, his young companion, Garcias, and Hero, were assembled.

Don Manuel placed his lovely trembling captive upon a sopha, and seated himself beside her; when in the showy flowers of his rhetoric he hastened to declare an ardent and unchangeable passion for her, and his unalterable resolution of making her his immediately by the most irrevocable ties which the laws of that community he had the honour of belonging to would admit of.—Then he informed her, without waiting for her reply, or indeed seeming to think one necessary, that on the table before her lay the contract of their union, which had already been signed by him in the presence of his friends and vassals below whom she must now affix her signature; and concluded with an artful insinuation of no person, however beloved, daring to dispute or disobey his decrees with impunity.

Victoria, shocked and dismayed beyond expression, scarcely retained the power of respiration, while Garcias, with savage exultation, pushed the table close to her, on which a parchment and an inkstand lay: and upon a signal from don Manuel, several of his ruffian soldiery rushed in, some under arms, and some bearing horrible and terrific implements for torture; and in an instant they arranged themselves in awful divisions before the three unoccupied sides of the table—cruelty and death gleaming in their most direful aspect from each grim, dark, and ruthless countenance.

Don Manuel, snatching Victoria's hand, put a pen into it and placed it on the spot where he desired her instantly to sign her name. She panted for breath; her senses in alarm were all forsaking her; and coward fear was about to guide her trembling hand in striving to trace her signature, when a thought, suggested by her expiring reason, of its being the very contract which would bind her to conte Vicenza, recalled at once her fleeting faculties. Precipitately she arose, and, dashing the pen indignantly from her, exclaimed with emphasis—

'Sign my brother's death-warrant!—Never!—Men, take your victim, and Heaven receive my soul in innocence!'

'Oh! matchless virtue!' exclaimed don Manuel; while Garcias, with horrid imprecations, consigned our heroine and her innocence to his own black patron; and, rudely seizing her, affirmed with an oath, that he would that moment make her sign the contract. But from this profane wretch's touch her pure spirit recoiled, and she sunk upon the couch she had just arisen from as if the ruffian soldiery had performed the task she had reason to believe assigned to them: and several minutes elapsed before she betrayed the least symptom of returning respiration, and many more before she opened her languid

eyes,

eyes, when she found herself extended upon the couch, and don Manuel, with tenderest solicitude, bathing her temples with restoratives; the young stranger applying salts to her nose; while, in an attitude of much anxiety, conte Vicenza was standing bent over the couch, with one hand resting against the wainscot. Don Manuel and the young stranger had scarcely time to inquire how Victoria found herself, when the conte uttering a cry of horror, his hand fell from its resting-place, his eyes, nostrils, and mouth distended with expression of dreadful amazement, while his looks were fixed in earnest gaze of speechless dismay upon the wainscot. Fear's cold tremor pervaded all his faculties; his breast heaved convulsively, and he at length fell to the ground in a swoon; while nothing was seen by any one else present that could at all account for such consternation, and such a serious effect.

The general attention was now of course turned from our heroine to conte Vicenza; and don Manuel choosing to have him removed to his chamber, he was accordingly conveyed away; when Victoria happily found herself relieved from further persecution for the present. When supper-time arrived, don Manuel, with much appearance of tender solicitude, supported our heroine to her accustomed seat at the supper-table. Garcias and Hero following, took their usual places. Nothing of Polydore or his young companion were heard of or seen, and an almost total silence prevailed. Garcias, gloomy and sullen, evidently betrayed, by the glances of malignant triumph he occasionally directed to Victoria, that he was brooding new mischief. Don Manuel was abstracted, and often apparently lost in painful musing, but by no means inattentive to our poor heroine when out of these frequent reveries. No, indeed; far from it: often during his fits of meditation his eyes were riveted in pensive earnestness upon her; and when he addressed her, his looks and voice were softened to a degree of tenderness that seemed the genuine effusion of the purest feelings of susceptibility.

At length this almost silent meeting was dissolved by Juan, who at the usual hour appeared to conduct Victoria and Hero to their chamber. Juan alone performing this ceremony darted a pang through the feeling heart of our heroine. Where now, alas! were Teresa, Hippolyto, and Diego? She burst into tears at the horrid retrospection; and with a voice broken by agonizing sobs she bade don Manuel good night, and with a sorrowful heart and streaming eyes followed Juan to her gloomy chamber. Passing Diego's room, now desolate and uninhabited, added new poignancy to her grief, and in an agony of tears she threw herself into a seat between her own bed and the secret passage to the church.

Juan hastened to trim the lamp, and retired leaving our poor heroine alone with the woman whom she had been taught to believe meditated the most direful mischief against her, and the determined deadly malice of whose looks added considerably to her apprehensions. She trembled at the idea of enclosing herself with such a bitter foe, and shutting out all assistance should Hero's vengeance lead her to requiring any. But her fears of conte Vicenza and Garcias conquering every other, she with trembling hands, and eyes full of suspicion fixed upon her companion, barricadoed the door, and then returned to her seat close to the secret passage; through which she resolved to retreat, should Hero approach her with hostile intent: and having placed the lamp conveniently for taking with her, she justly concluded that Hero, left in total darkness, and unacquainted with the actuating spring, would be unable to pursue her.

Having now arranged the only plan of safety she had in her power to adopt, Victoria glanced her streaming eyes around her gloomy chamber, where every thing which met her view bespoke Teresa's absence. The beds unmade—the ashes littering the hearth since the fire of the last night save one

—the

—the collection of culinary utenſils ſtill remaining, which poor Tereſa's kindneſs had collected there to prepare nouriſhment for her—all, all was comfortleſs: and the deſolation of her apartment brought the forlorn miſery of her ſituation more forcibly into her mind; and ſhe ſobbed, nay almoſt groaned, from the anguiſh of her heart. She was now left friendleſs and deſtitute of every aid. She claſped her hands in an agony of deſpair, and, ſtarting from her ſeat, exclaimed, in the moſt piteous cadence of affliction, 'Where, where have I now a hope to reſt upon!' Suddenly the whole expreſſion of her countenance changed; ſhe ſunk upon her knees, her hands ſtill raiſed, and firmly ſhe ſaid—

'In Heaven, upon my God!'

Every idea of fear was now loſt in the pure fervor of ſincere piety; and for upwards of twenty minutes Victoria loſt the recollection of every thing but the omnipotence and mercy of him whom ſhe was humbly addreſſing. The potent balm diſtilled from the beautiful plant chriſtianity dropped gently into her wounded heart; her pain aſſuaged, her ſpirits tranquillized by its ſweet influence, ſhe aroſe from her knees, and found her chamber occupied by herſelf alone.

Great indeed was the amazement of our heroine. The door ſtill remained faſtened upon the inſide as ſhe had left it. The trap could not have moved without its ſounds, ſo forcibly impreſſed upon her recollection, awakening her attention; nor could Hero have paſſed through the paſſage to the church without diſturbing her, as ſhe knelt in ſuch a direction as totally to prevent the departure or entrance of any one that way unknown to her. How then could Hero have poſſibly diſappeared? Was it friends, or was it foes who conveyed her away? Her friends muſt be Hero's enemies; and with them the vindictive creature would not ſurely have gone without reſiſtance; *that* ſhe muſt have heard. However, go by what means ſoever, Victoria beheld her departure as the kindneſs of Heaven to herſelf; and, devoid of apprehenſion from the myſterious event, ſhe ſhortly after retired to bed; where, although ſurrounded by horrors of every denomination, ſhe ſlept until morning; and more ſerenely ſweet were her ſlumbers than thoſe of the perſons who (though ſtill the free agents of their own actions) had the power to injure her; for ſhe had no pang of conſcience to diſturb her ſleep; and, enveloped in the pure faith of true piety, ſhe believed herſelf ſecure.

CHAP. XXIII.

IN the morning, when Juan came to conduct Victoria from her chamber, he inquired for Hero; and, on being informed of her myſterious diſappearance he betrayed the moſt evident amazement; and, on preceding our heroine into the parlour (where don Manuel, Garcias and conte Vicenza's young companion were aſſembled) haſtened to announce the vaniſhing of Hero. Although don Manuel was viſibly aſtoniſhed and diſcompoſed at the intelligence, he made no comment on it, but ſtrove to hide his chagrin and ſurpriſe in attention to Victoria; while Garcias, more vehement in temper and leſs maſter of diſſimulation, betrayed the moſt violent ſenſations of aſtoniſhment and conſternation; while half ſentences of myſterious import fell unguardedly from him; and it required all the addreſs of the wary Manuel to awaken him to a ſenſe of his imprudence, without further increaſing the curioſity of the ſtranger.

They all ſoon after ſat down to breakfaſt, when don Manuel's manners to our heroine were as on the preceding evening; while the young ſtranger looked upon her with increaſed pity and admiration. Victoria was a ſilent ſpectator of this meal. The ſight of Garcias, and the ſenſuous aſſiduities of don Manuel, ever renewed thoſe terrors which her reliance upon Providence ſubdued in their abſence; and the recollection of what ſhe had already encountered in that caſtle, and the dreadful apprehenſions of what in this day ſhe might be doomed to, made up an olio of miſery for her to feed upon,

and

and threw such a sadly interesting expression of the affliction in her mind into her wan and languid, though still lovely countenance, that don Manuel seemed much affected; and once, after gazing pensively at her for some moments, he turned to Garcias and said something to him, but in so low a tone Victoria could not distinguish one word of it: but not so was the reply of Garcias delivered; for, striking his clenched hand against the table, he emphatically exclaimed—

'D——d pusillanimous nonsense! What! be turned into a milksop by the pitiful sorrow of a whining girl's countenance? For shame! have you not ever found vengeance sweet? Remember'—when, now perceiving Victoria was listening attentively to him, he suddenly ceased, darting a petrifying look of brutal malice at her that made her tremble. Shortly after breakfast being ended, he arose, and, sullenly desiring the young man to accompany him, departed through the glass door into the piazza.

Highly and reasonably as Victoria feared and hated Garcias, she saw his departure with the most painful emotions; as it left her totally alone with don Manuel, who, though she now, from his late conduct towards her, firmly believed pitied her, was yet compelled to take a cruel part against her; and, in sad expectation of hearing something torturing to her feelings from him, she some time trembling sat, when at length don Manuel broke the silent interval by a repetition of his ardent passion for her, and an information of his fixed resolution of making her his without delay; and, as she so highly disapproved, he said, of the long-established custom of affiancing adopted in the castle, he should, contrary to the approbation and wishes of his associates, have the marriage ceremony performed by a priest, who was to be admitted for that sacred purpose the succeeding morning at ten o'clock, when he trusted her own good sense and ductile disposition would prevent the necessity of resorting to any violent measures; and, that she would graciously, before his friends and vassals, make him the happiest of mankind, by unreluctantly bestowing her hand upon him.

Victoria, subdued by horror and agitation, could not articulate a reply. She could only bow a kind of hopeless acquiescence. Well she knew that if this marriage was determined upon, her struggling against such superior power would prove ineffectual, while her appearance of submission might possibly prevent the adoption of any violence against her during the twenty-four hours of respite now employed; and during that period she fondly hoped the goodness of Providence would intervene to save her from this dreadful fate which now threatened her.

The acquiescence of Victoria to his proposition, although too evidently a painful assent, so much amazed don Manuel, that, instead of doing what an ardent lover would have done—thank her for her kindness—he, in a tone of much astonishment, exclaimed—

'What can this mean, lady Victoria? You this morning unhesitatingly consent to honour me with your hand, whilst yesterday you preferred death to affixing your signature to our contract. Surely, there must be some illusion. You have some subterfuge. Some one has dared to meditate and promise you escape from—'

Victoria now raised her eyes, filled with all the sublimated fire of virtue. 'Don Manuel,' she firmly said, 'I *dare* to act as my principles direct me. My union with you can only lead me to misery, but not to guilt; and if it is the will of Heaven to consign me to a life of wretchedness, I will patiently submit to its harsh dispensations, whilst my cheerless days can be taught fortitude by the firm hope of happiness in a world to come. But was I now to sign that contract, knowing as I do the direful pitiless crime it would be the black mandate for committing, I should become a diabolical principal in the monstrous guilt: and what balm of future bliss could still the rankling wounds of conscience? Tortures, I

again

again affirm, shall not make me guilty; but in your power it is to make me wretched.'

At the close of her last sentence Victoria's firmness forsook her, and she burst into tears.

'Heaven forbid,' exclaimed don Manuel, 'that I should make such exalted virtue wretched! No, lady Victoria, no; believe me, although it may be in my power, it will never be in my inclination to afflict you;' and with the most benign and conciliating tenderness he took her handkerchief from her hand to wipe her tears himself away. At this moment the sound of near-approaching footsteps struck his ears from the piazza, and he heard the voice of Garcias: he started from Victoria's side; and had her eyes at that moment been turned upon him, she would have seen a marked and instantaneous change of expression diffuse itself over his countenance. The tenderness of sympathy gave way to a smile of rapturous triumph; and, as he met Garcias and his young companion at the door, he joyfully exclaimed—

'The angel smiles propitiously, and I am the most to be envied of mankind.'

Garcias advancing, stood before Victoria, and through his heavy and bent brows fixed his penetrating ferocious eyes for some moments in an earnest gaze of doubt, surprise, and scrutiny upon her; and as he turned away, his face displayed a smile so diabolical, so ghastly, so mysterious, that Victoria could not define it, though it made her shudder.

'Don Manuel,' said the wretch with a dæmonian sneer, 'I am grieved to tear you from this condescending angel by cruelly reminding you of that terrestrial vulgarism, business; but this is, alas! the moment for your attending an appointment of the utmost consequence.'

Don Manuel now bade adieu to our heroine, and with Garcias was about to leave the room, when the young man who loitered behind, evidently anxious to gain a moment's conversation with Victoria, recurred to his recollection, and suddenly he stopped

'Conte Urbino,' said he, 'your uncle requires your attendance, so pray lead the way: nor can I submit to your paying your devoirs to this lady, who in some hours hence will be my bride. Go, signior, you are too young and too dangerous a rival for me not to fear you'

The young cavalier, overwhelmed with confusion, chagrin, and disappointment, departed with don Manuel and Garcias, leaving Victoria sick at heart with misery and apprehension.

This young man then, thought our heroine, is conte Urbino; he who is so universally esteemed for his amiable qualities. He doubtlessly compassionates my distress, and wishes to befriend me. It was evident that he had something of moment to impart to me, and don Manuel would not suffer him to speak to me—don Manuel my destined husband! Oh, pitying Heaven, can this be thy decree? Tears of bitterest anguish now burst from her eyes, and for some moments she sobbed convulsively. At length when painful reflexion agonised her mind, her last interview with don Manuel passed in retrospection. His manners, when unrestrained by the presence of Garcias, seemed more the effusions of pity than of love; and she now felt fully convinced of what she had during the last day suspected, that he only affected to be her lover to forward the vile schemes of conte Vicenza and his vile coadjutor Garcias. She had surmised from many circumstances, even before she had so providentially found that torn part of a letter in the dungeon, that Polydore's following her to don Manuel's castle had been part of the plan adjusted even before she had been sent from France; and don Manuel having so openly named conte Urbino before her, seemed as if he no longer thought it necessary to affect ignorance of his knowledge of his new guest, whom at first it was evident they wished her to consider as a captive. And now the result of all this retrospection, was a thorough conviction that

that there was no real intention of uniting her to don Manuel, but that ſomething perhaps even more dreadful, which this meaſure was meant to aid in terrifying her into, awaited her on the morrow. She ſhuddered, ſhe trembled, and at laſt aſked herſelf, can I do nothing to prevent the realizing theſe anticipated horrors?

Oh yes! ſhe ſuddenly thought: ſhe was now alone, and moſt probably unobſerved: this was then, therefore, her only opportunity of ſtriving to obtain even one moment's conference with Sebaſtian, who was capable of adviſing her, and would intereſt Franciſco to protect her further. She haſtily approached the door of Sebaſtian's apartment; and as ſhe went, ſhe thought of her friend in the church, with whom her illneſs had excluded all communication, and about whom ſhe had ſuſtained much painful anxiety; but now firmly believing that his departure had long ſince taken place, ſhe caſt a wiſtful look toward the map, accompanied by a deep-heaved ſigh and ſtarting tear, which ſhe haſtily wiped away as ſhe gently tapped at Sebaſtian's door. No anſwer being returned ſhe rapped again, but ſtill no anſwer.

Vexation at her diſappointment inſpired our heroine with the temerity to knock louder, when the only anſwer ſhe received was from the babbling echo repeating the ſound of her knocks, which vibrated loudly along the vaulted roof of the library. Attentively ſhe liſtened—all within was ſilent as the grave. Her painful anxiety to be heard induced her to try her voice, hoping if that reached Sebaſtian's ears, he would recollect it, and in pity appear to her. Sebaſtian's name ſhe therefore repeated ſeveral times, louder and ſtill louder each reiteration, but ſtill to no purpoſe: when almoſt driven to deſpair by diſappointment and terror for the ſafety of her venerable friend, ſhe ſuddenly heard her own name diſtinctly repeated in a gentle and well-known voice. Victoria's heart almoſt bounded from its ſeat with ſurpriſe and joy; and timidly but haſtily turning her eyes to where they were ſo unexpectedly ſummoned, ſhe beheld the chaſm leading to the church open, and her but too much admired young friend, whom ſhe had firmly believed far diſtant, ſtanding within it, who eagerly beckoned her approach, and ſhe heſitated not to comply as ſpeedily as the agitation of her frame would admit of.

'Great and terrible has been the anxiety which I have ſuffered, lady Victoria, ſince laſt we met,' ſaid he, tenderly but reſpectfully taking her trembling hand. 'I knew of your illneſs, of your danger, and, oh happineſs! of your recovery. Again I waited with eager ſolicitude and impatience here, but you forgot me, and no longer ſought to meet a friend who would—but I muſt not waſte the precious fleeting moments in telling you all my friendſhip would lead me to do for you, ſince I am happily here to inform you what I can do to ſerve you.'

Victoria, overpowered by joy, hope, ſurpriſe, timidity, ſtood covered with the varying bluſhes of ſenſibility, trembling and in tears, unable to articulate a ſingle ſentence.

'Compoſe your fluttered ſpirits I conjure you, deareſt lady Victoria,' continued the ſtranger in the ſofteſt tones of gentle kindneſs, whilſt his intelligent countenance diſplayed the moſt animated intereſt in every thing that could affect her. 'Let me intreat you to exert your fortitude to hear with firmneſs that the moment for your liberation draws very near I truſt. All will be in readineſs this very night for your eſcape. Be firm, I implore you, in belief of my integrity; and when the caſtle clock ſtrikes one, fearleſsly venture from your chamber through the ſecret paſſage to the church. I will be at the ſhrine to receive and conduct you to ſome other of your friends, who with myſelf will convey you to any place of refuge you may wiſh to fly to. I entreat, I conjure you, exert your mental powers until we again meet; ſince you will, alas! have no other ſupport till then. Temporiſe with the aſſaſſins of your peace by affected ſubmiſſion; and, if poſſible, by an appearance of compoſure,

ſure, lead them into a belief of your having become more compliant than you have hitherto been. This will at leaſt inſure you a ceſſation from perſecution during your continuance with them, and probably may prevent the forming of any new plan to interfere with our projected eſcape. Come then, cheer up, deareſt lady Victoria; condeſcend for once to deceive, and, ere morning, I truſt you will be in a place of ſafety. And now, adieu! until the propitious hour of one: no longer dare I indulge myſelf by ſtaying here; for, were I now to be diſcovered, fatal would be the blow given to all my ſchemes, to all my fondeſt hopes. Farewell! and may Heaven protect and ſupport you, moſt amiable, moſt intereſting of human beings!'

With a graceful and tenderly reſpectful bow he precipitately cloſed the pannel, and Victoria ſunk upon the couch beneath it, her mind in a tumult of ſenſations that almoſt ſubdued every faculty. While her young friend had been preſent, ſhe had loſt the power of articulation. Soon after he was gone ſhe recollected fifty things ſhe wiſhed to ſay to him. She looked wiſtfully towards the aperture—it was indeed cloſed. She doubted if his momentary appearance had not been an illuſion of her diſturbed imagination. Reflexion convinced her that he had been there, and had promiſed to reſcue her from horror and miſery that very night.

Her tears now flowed in torrents, unlike thoſe ſhe had long been accuſtomed to ſhed; for theſe were tears of joy, and, as long abſent ſtrangers, ſhe gave them a free indulgence. At length, becoming more compoſed, Heaven had her grateful acknowledgments for its promiſed kindneſs: and as her peturbation ſubſided, her reaſon began to operate; and fearing every thing which might lead to a diſcovery of her intended eſcape, ſhe judged it expedient to quit the library, leſt her own conſciouſneſs of what had juſt occurred there might by ſome means awaken ſuſpicion of a ſomething, and lead to obſervation, and ultimately to detection; therefore, with trembling ſteps and a palpitating heart, ſhe meaſured her way to the eaſtern piazza, where ſhe ſeated herſelf, and was fully occupied by buſy thought until dinner time, when don Manuel himſelf came out to ſeek her and conducted her into the parlour, where conte Vicenza, his nephew, and Garcias, were already aſſembled.—Polydore looking very pale, languid, and thoughtful, his nephew dejected beyond meaſure, and ſeeming as if he no longer dared to turn his admiring pitying eyes upon Victoria.

The ſpirits of our heroine were too much agitated to admit of her availing herſelf of the attentive hoſpitality of don Manuel during the repaſt; but mindful of the advice her young friend had given her, ſhe ſtrove to appear unembarraſſed and ſerene; but a novice in art, ſhe could not preſerve that even degree of tranquillity indicative of a mind at eaſe. Nature was Victoria's guide, and the feelings ſhe inſpired could not be concealed. One moment fear and anxiety, in deſpite of every effort, ſunk her to the loweſt degree of ſadneſs; while, in the next, hope elevated her ſpirits to ſuch a pitch, that the bright emanations of joy, too powerful for diſguiſe, would burſt from her heart in ſome mirthful ſally of playful gaiety which charmed don Manuel, ſurpriſed and diſpleaſed conte Vicenza, increaſed his nephew's dejection, and drew an expreſſion of myſterious triumph into the diabolical countenance of Garcias.

When dinner was ended, conte Vicenza complained of being ſtill ſo much of an invalid as to feel exhauſted and require reſt; he therefore retired to take a ſieſto, accompanied by his nephew, whom he ordered to watch by him while he ſlept; and don Manuel after many tender ſpeeches and apologies to Victoria, departed upon buſineſs, attended by Garcias. Happy in being thus relieved from ſociety ſo hateful to her, our heroine reſolved to avail herſelf of this unexpected opportunity to go to her chamber, there to make ſome arrangements for her promiſed eſcape. Accordingly, when ſhe reached her chamber, ſhe took from her baggage

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the parcels she had formerly made up, containing her trinkets, and deposited them in her pockets, lest, in the moment of departure, her spirits, hurried as they doubtless would be, might occasion her leaving them behind her. A parcel with some changes of linen she concealed in her bed, as being too large to carry about her: and as Victoria carefully looked over every article her baggage contained, that she might not leave any thing portable behind her which she might afterwards regret, a length of time necessarily elapsed before she was ready to return to the parlour; and, just as she was preparing to leave her room, she, to her utter dismay, heard a hollow bound against the trap-door, and immediately after an attempt to force back the bolts. Alarmed beyond measure, she flew to the chamber door, when her flight that way was unexpectedly prevented by the murmuring sound of voices in the lobby. Should she venture or should she not? She trembled with apprehension —she hesitated—she listened attentively, and was no longer in doubt. She distinguished the voice of Garcias, and in an instant darted through the tapestry door, which she carefully closed after her; and, without waiting to take breath or consider what she was about, swiftly glided down the staircase, raised the step with ease, and unannoyed by any impediment, in a few moments found herself in the church, making the best of her way to the passage into the library, which she hoped to enter unobserved, as at that hour she never remembered to have seen any of don Manuel's people in the library.

On approaching the monument leading to the passage, Victoria looked with trembling caution around her; and, on arriving at the short dark arcade communicating with the other aisle, she suddenly stopped to inspect it, from the shelter a cluster of pillars at the corner afforded her, lest in passing the end, which she must do to reach the monument, she might be seen and discovered by some of those people the stranger warned her of. The instant she took her station among the pillars she distinctly heard the sound of retreating footsteps along the passage. The icy chill of fear thrilled through her heart. Cautiously and apprehensively she glanced her eyes along the arcade, and beheld her young friend walking slowly on, with one arm supporting a female, of a commanding height and most graceful form, a hand of whom rested familiarly on his shoulder.

A pang of torture never before felt by our heroine now shot through her throbbing heart: a death-like sickness assailed her—she tottered, and sunk at the foot of the pillars which concealed her, but still directing her eyes in earnest gaze upon her friend and his companion, who at length stopped, apparently in serious conference. Worlds, had she possessed them, would Victoria have given to hear the subject of their conversation, but by listening she would not for worlds gain that gratification. Chance had conducted her to where these lovers, believing themselves unobserved, were pouring out the secrets of their hearts, and honour and generosity forbad her meanly stealing their secrets from them; and instantly she resolved to effect her retreat into the library, whilst their backs continued to her.

Trembling, Victoria arose to put her design in execution; but the moment she was about to emerge from her hiding-place she perceived they had turned about and were slowly advancing. To escape unobserved by them was now impossible: to discover herself might involve her friend in difficulty or danger, and certainly would overwhelm his companion with confusion: to conceal herself behind the pillars still was therefore her only alternative. The gloom of the place was favourable to her intention, and she gently laid herself down amongst the pillars, scarcely allowing herself to breath, and in a state of mind the most pitiably humiliating. Conscious of rectitude, yet still she shuddered lest her friend should discover her as he passed. In what a light must she then appear to him—a secret observer!—She sickened at the thought;

thought; but she had no longer time for anticipating fears. They approached her—her heart almost bounded from its seat, and her limbs were convulsed with tremor. They ascended the steps and without any intention of listening, these words struck Victoria's ears as they passed the place of her concealment, although delivered in a low and plaintive accent by the female.

'Think of the anguish that I shall suffer during your absence, still uncertain if you will ever be allowed to rescue me from hence. In the society of this too interesting, too fascinating Victoria, you will learn to forget your poor Matilda, who can learn no peace till you return. Ah! what misery, what anxiety, what restless and anticipating fears shall I be doomed to suffer, while you are—Oh! happy Victoria!'——

They were now gone too far for our heroine to hear more; but she had heard sufficent to make her weep. The sound of their retreating footsteps at length no longer reaching her ears, she ventured from ambush, and with a beating melancholy heart ascended the monument and gained an uninterrupted passage into the library, where she seated herself near to the place she had emerged from, too much subdued by agitation to proceed further, or to think of any thing but what she had just heard and seen. She was grieved she scarcely knew why. Her friend had told her of his having a tender attachment, and why should she feel thus mortified and distressed at beholding the object of it, whom she doubted not was very deserving, since she was the choice of the most amiable of mankind.—'Ah! how amiable! how very very good! His dear Matilda, it appears, is not allowed to share in this escape; and yet his humanity leads him from this beloved object to rescue a helpless fellow-creature from destruction. Oh, bless him! bless him, Heaven!—and Matilda too, for is she not good and generous? for agonising as this separation is to her, she benevolently suffers him to leave her to save me from endless misery. But she shall not, no she shall not, long be lost to anguish, to anxiety, and restless anticipating fears, for me; he shall place me in some convent in Rousillon, and immediately return to her, to ease her mind of every apprehension. Oh! why did she call me happy? Surely it is happy, happy Matilda, beloved by such a being. She knows that she is so.—Then how could I awaken uneasiness in her mind? What could induce her to fear me, or to call me too interesting, too fascinating?—Misfortunes may have made me interesting, but Heaven forbid that I should fascinate him your heart is plighted to! Oh, no, no, no! I am not such a worthless wretch as to form a wish for doing so.'

Victoria's head now sunk upon her hand, her elbow resting upon one arm of the couch, and, in the deepest train of melancholy reflections, she continued quite unmindful of the approach of night or where she was, until don Manuel, advancing to her from the parlour, disturbed her meditation by informing her she had been sought for throughout the grounds and castle, and that he had experienced the most dreadful alarms for her safety.

'Was I sought for here, don Manuel?' replied Victoria, endeavouring to conceal, by affected composure, the apprehension she felt lest her flight through the church had been discovered.

'No, believe me,' said don Manuel, tenderly taking her hand to lead her to the parlour; 'since this is the last spot in the castle any of my people would wish to enter after the close of day; nor could I expect to find so young a female, not even lady Victoria, enlightened as I know her matchless mind to be, alone, in the gloomy hour of approaching night, in an apartment where men of dauntless courage in the field dare not keep such vigil.'

'There is something inimical then to mental as well as personal courage in this castle,' replied Victoria; 'for here your people, seignor, have been taught to fear the dead, and I have first learned to tremble at the living.—It is a sad knowledge I have gained; but Heaven avert the more dreadful

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one from me of fearing the ſhadow of a ſubſtance I had injured.'

Don Manuel flung her hand from him; but ere they had proceeded many paces he took it again with gentleneſs. 'You are an extraordinary creature,' ſaid he; 'and it is well for the cauſe I am embarked in that our *tête-à-têtes* have not been ſuffered to have been more frequent.'

They now reached the parlour juſt as conte Vicenza, his nephew, and Garcias, entered from the piazza in evident conſternation. The moment Garcias beheld our heroine, he furiouſly demanded where ſhe had been ſkulking, and why ſhe had given them ſo much trouble?

'Garcias,' ſaid don Manuel ſternly, 'your zeal tranſports you beyond the limits of propriety. When ſpeaking to a brother ruffian, ſuch harſh and inſolent terms may perhaps be ſometimes neceſſary; but when addreſſing a lady, nothing can extenuate the omiſſion of politeneſs. Lady Victoria, too juſtly intimidated by your ſavage manners, and fearing her evil deſtiny might lead her to encounter you, took refuge amongſt the ſpectres of the library; and I found her ſitting undiſmayed there, even at this hour, where *you* and *other heroes* of our community dare not for a moment remain alone.'

Garcias ſlunk into a ſeat, ſilenced into an impenetrable gloom. Conte Vicenza appeared evidently concerted at this ſarcaſm; while don Manuel, unmindful of their chagrin, took a chair by Victoria, and entered into converſation with her, exerting every power of his mind to entertain her; and had ſhe been in a place of ſafety, with a heart at eaſe, and without a knowledge of the depravity of his life and principle, ſhe muſt have been highly charmed by his converſation: but although Victoria ſtrove with all her faculties to beſtow her whole attention upon what he was ſaying, and to appear unembarraſſed and in ſome degree cheerful, yet, as the night advanced, her ſpirits, fluctuating between ten thouſand hopes and fears, became ſo tumultuous, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty ſhe could conceal her agitation, or bear any connected part in converſation.

Supper-time at length arrived; and although this repaſt was diſpatched with unuſual expedition, Victoria thought an age had been devoted to it. Conte Vicenza, as each moment paſſed, became more reſtleſs and uneaſy, his nephew more dejected, Garcias more obſervant, Victoria more abſtracted, and don Manuel more inſinuating; not one moment did he ſuffer to paſs in ſilence, eagerly ſtarting new ſubjects when the old ones ſeemed nearly exhauſted, as if he feared to truſt himſelf with his own thoughts, which ſeemed every moment ſoftening into ſomething of painful fond ſolicitude for the intereſting Victoria.

At laſt the moment ſo much wiſhed for by our heroine arrived, and Juan entered to conduct her to her chamber. In the moſt dreadful and obvious trepidation, ſhe aroſe from her ſeat and almoſt inarticulately bad the party a good night. Her heart bounded and beat with the moſt tumultuous violence; her trembling limbs could ſcarcely perform their functions; and her colour varied with a rapidity that proclaimed at once the perturbation of her mind. Don Manuel, as uſual, led her to the door, but, without his accuſtomed tender farewell ſpeech, preſſed her hand with energy, and precipitately left her in evident emotion, myſterious and powerful; and ſo alarmed was Victoria by the ſingularity of his conduct and by the uncertainty of her own fate, that ſhe found herſelf compelled to requeſt Juan's arm to ſupport her.

(To be continued.)

A Noontide Walk in April. By J. M. L.

'Again rejoicing Nature ſees
Her robe aſſume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freſhly ſteep'd in morning dews.'
BURNS.

MARCH had now cloſed his gloomy reign, and had given a termination to winter, worthy of his chilling powers;

powers; darkneſs had loaded almoſt every day; more ſnow had fallen during the month than in all the preceding part of the winter; black blighting froſt had winged every wind; and when March departing, bequeathed ſpring to the world, the cold and gloomy weather proclaimed it but protracted winter. According to the old proverb, 'March came in like a lion;' but, unlike the concluſion of the ſame adage, did not 'go out like a lamb.' Such being the caſe, a ramble early in April could not be expected to furniſh all the luxuriance of ſpring; the progreſs of vegetative life had been checked, but a very forward ſpring only tempts the germinating influence to unfold the leafy world, which, nipped by blight, too often ſtrews the ground with untimely ruin. This was exemplified forcibly ſoon after I had ſet out on this Aprilian ſtroll; a tender flower, reared in the artificial warmth of a hot houſe, had been incautiouſly placed in a window, where the blight had taken it, and its beautiful petals hung in death-like weakneſs againſt the parent ſtem.

'Such, man, thy life, when death's relentleſs rage
Crops thy gay bloom, or chills thy withering age;
In vain thy wiſh would ſtop th' invader's pow'r,
Who ſpares the leaf to revel on the flow'r.
Oh! how tranſported with a fleeting dream
We fondly launch, and glide along the ſtream!
Nor think of tempeſts, mis'ry, pain, or death,
The ſtorms above us, and the wrecks beneath!
When lo! at once a cloudy ſcene ſucceeds,
It low'rs, frowns, blackens, bellows o'er our heads;
Bounds o'er the ſeas, and with deſtructive ſweep,
Flings wave on wave, and whelms us in the deep.' OGILVIE.

As I paced along the road, I ſaw, ſlowly progreſſing towards me, a tall thin man, poorly defended by his dreſs from the chilling gale, whilſt his pallid countenance bore the evident marks of recent and ſevere illneſs. As I paſſed, the ſon of miſery put his hand to his hat, and in a tremulous indiſtinct tone ſued for relief; but his eyes were caſt down; there was none of that diſguſting effrontery ſo uſual in common beggars: his manner was irreſiſtible. I dropped a mite into his hand; a mite ſo ſmall, reaſon bluſhes at the recollection. He ſtrove to thank me; the tear of gratitude ſtarted unbidden into his eye; his faltering voice denied him articulation, but he thanked me, oh! how much more than ſtudied language could have done! My heart pulſed lighter as I moved on, from the pleaſure purchaſed with ſuch a triſle.

Happy is the man

'Whoſe gen'rous arm relieves the ſick and poor,
Nor drives diſtreſs, diſdainful, from his door;
Who ſoothes the orphan's grief, the widow's care,
Who dries the tears of anguiſh and deſpair,
Who gives the child of miſery his food,
And learns 'the luxury of doing good.'

Proceeding, I found the fields very damp, and in ſome places very wet; a ſtream, on whoſe banks I have ſtrolled times innumerous, when pure as a mirror it glided along, or beneath a pendant willow have enjoyed 'the contemplative man's recreation,' angling, now exceeded its bounds, and had ſpread over the meadows a turbid tribute. A few hardy daiſies here and there had raiſed their heads. This unaſſuming flower, though it gives no fragrance to the ſmell, or beauty to the ſight, is yet beheld with pleaſure; it is the pure child of nature; one of ſpring's firſt free-will offerings. And though it is uncelebrated by almoſt every poet, and forms no wreath but to entwine the brow of infant playfulneſs, yet would I rather wander through the fields when ſpring has gained its fulleſt power, and behold the

the cherub offspring of health in roſeate innocence gamboling over the verdant turf, or plucking the ſimple daiſy, than enter the nocturnal ball-room, though all the ſpicy odours of the eaſt were employed to gratify the ſcent, and art had exhauſted her inventive powers to decorate the gay ſcene with flowers that fain would outvie Nature's bloomy tribes. Satiated with the ſcene, ſplendour ſeeks its downy couch, and ſickens at the recollection of repeated pleaſures ſuch as theſe, which tire by their ſameneſs, and diſguſt where they were meant to charm: but Nature, ever changing, gives pleaſures that cannot tire, but which gratify every ſenſe, and lift the mind to the ſublimeſt conceptions of that all protecting Power,

'Who reigns ſupreme in this auguſt abode,
Forms, or confounds with one contending nod:
Who wraps in black'ning clouds his awful brow,
Whoſe glance like lightning looks all nature through.' OGILVIE.

In a warm corner, rather ſheltered from the paſſing gale, I diſcovered a turf of violets, whoſe leaves were but half unfolded. 'Sweet flowers,' I cried, 'may no rude hand or unfeeling foot cruſh your opening bloſſoms, for ye are Nature's moſt unaſpiring yet ſweeteſt children! in ſecret ſolitude ye bloom ſequeſtered and alone.' How unlike many a flaunting flower that rears its unfragrant head to court the wanderer's gaze, who, ſeduced by its gaudy appearance, plucks it; but, ſoon diſguſted at its inſipidity, caſts it from him, and leaves it to periſh unheeded. Such is the ambition of man: ſwelled by vanity he rears his head above his fellows, who for a time wonder and admire; but at length, novelty having loſt its charm, diſguſt ſucceeds, and then they work his ruin.

'Short is ambition's gay deceitful dream,
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow.
Calm thought diſpels the viſionary ſcheme,
And Time's cold breath diſſolves the withering bough.
Slow as ſome miner ſaps th' aſpiring tow'r
When working ſecret with deſtructive aim;
Unſeen, unheard, thus moves the ſtealing hour,
But works the fall of empire, pomp and name.' OGILVIE.

I now paſſed a ſmall village church-yard, where the ſimple turf-covered graves of humble labour almoſt entirely filled the hallowed ſpace: ſcarce a tomb-ſtone was to be ſeen, but the whole was remarkably neat and clean, and was not allowed to be the haunt of noiſy ſquabblers, or the play-place of the village children, which is but too commonly the caſe; and it is a practice I deprecate. It brings up the infant mind to a diſregard of the ſacred ſpot where reſt its ruſtic forefathers; and the only idea connected with that of a church-yard in them is, that it is an excellent place for a game at hide-and-ſeek, whip-top, pitch-halfpenny, or ſome ſuch trifling amuſement. This 'grows with their growth,' and in early manhood they ſeek it for ſome ſtill worſe purpoſe; and often have I ſeen a ſet of rural gamblers playing on a tombſtone, and, alas! forgetting totally the place they were in, when luck went againſt them, uttering the horrid oath, in execrating blaſphemy, over perhaps the very place where ſleeps the unhonoured duſt of a parent, friend, or brother. Here it was otherwiſe; and the diſconſolate mourner might undiſturbed ſeek the lone grave of departed affection, and bend in ſilent prayer upon its ſurface: and what can the relative of grandeur do more? for though it ſleeps in an emblazoned tomb,

'Sleeps it more ſweetly than the ſimple ſwain,
Beneath ſome moſſy turf that reſts his head?

Where

Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead.' OGILVIE.

Proceeding from hence I entered a copse where nature's mellifluous magicians in melodious murmurs had begun the song of praise; it was not indeed warbled with all that strength a summer's sun can inspire, but its peculiar sweetness had for me greater charms; add to which, it was almost the first anthem I had heard this year, raised from the grove by its earthly tenants. I listened with delighted rapture to the mingled melody; some power angelic seemed to have said

'Wake all ye mountain throngs, and sing!
Ye plumy warblers of the spring
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.'
OGILVIE.

Still, though the choral harmony of the birds was awakened, their dwellings were yet bare of leaves; none but those sheltered bore the marks of spring's renovating influence, and the general scene was still that of winter: but May will come to bid the brighter beauties of more advanced spring beam in luxuriance on the enraptured sight, to grace the plains with the gayest verdure, and to load the zephyr-winged breezes with rich perfumes.

As I returned home, I passed a romantic and extensive ruin: it had formerly been an abbey of the Carthusian monks: here superstition had held her foul and disgusting reign, and mitred abbots, bloated with excess, had kept in basest vassalage all around them: splendid decorations had once graced the abbey within and without: time had destroyed them all, and where the religious rites of sanctified hypocrisy were wafted on the cloistered breeze, the lone night-bird now shrieked her cry of horror, the ivy-clasped towers seemed to nod with the passing storm, while the darkling bat whirled around her giddy nocturnal flight. Some lines I had once written on a similar occasion now occurred to my recollection, from which I shall select the following to conclude my Aprilian ramble.

'When wide-spread ruins here attract the eye,
And from a tenfold cause inspire the sigh!
Magnificence so sunk! in such short space!
And of its pristine splendour scarce a trace!
Where the proud gateway rears its pompous head,
We find a part converted to a shed;
Where the bright arms of war were taught to shine,
We see the peaceful tendrils of a vine!
Near to the spot where once the monks have slept,
A simple flower-garden now is kept;
And where the abbot's palace once was rais'd,
For years the ruminating ox has graz'd.
'Pride here may pause upon the awful change,
And view destruction's amply-spreading range:
This pile once brav'd the tempest's roughest rage,
Nor seem'd to fear the surer storm of age;
But time, assisted by destroying man,
Has barely left what marks the builder's plan;
Yet, where the church once was, some masses stand,
So firm, they mock'd the feeble workman's hand,
Who tried in vain their strong cement to part;—
They live—an ancient monument of art.
Near to them stood the saint's emblazon'd shrine,
Where pilgrims came to own his pow'r divine;
Here they deposited each off'ring rare,
And wafted to the saint a pious pray'r:
Here Superstition held her hateful sway,
Whilst Ignorance attended on her way;

Here

Here too the credulous the knee have bent,
And here contrition its mild vow would vent;
Here meekeſt piety, with fervent zeal,
Has taught the heart obdurate how to feel;
Here baſe hypocriſy, of artful men,
Too oft with ſeeming penitence was ſeen;
Here monkiſh mummery its terrors ſpread,
And the weak multitude in bondage led;
With fouleſt fetters man was then confin'd,
Enſlav'd in body, and enſlav'd in mind!

'Now, thanks to Education's brighter hour,
Monaſtic inſolence no more has pow'r;
A mild religion, pure in all its ways,
Aſks but a life of piety and praiſe,
Aſks but the emanation of the ſoul,
Which flows unfetter'd and without controul:
No cloiſter'd priſon opes his horrid jaws,
In fierce defiance to a nation's laws!
For ah! too ſure 'twas thus when monks had rule,
When monarchs e'en became their humble tool:
Each mitred abbey then its dungeon kept,
Where unknown innocents in ſilence wept:
Loſt to their friends, and to their country dead,
In pining agony they droop the head,
Faſt to the wall by ſtrongeſt fetters bound,
Their only bed the damp, unwholeſome ground;
To ſooth their ſorrows no dear friend was nigh,
The minutes, told in anguiſh, ſlowly fly,
Till with a pray'r they gave their laſt faint breath,
Sunk in their chains and ſought repoſe in death.

'Could mild Religion doom them thus to die?
No, heav'nly maid, ſhe bids no victim ſigh,
She drags no wretch to ſad confinement's gloom,
Nor fills with human woe a living tomb!
But 'twas Oppreſſion, clad in her array,
That tore the ſufferers from the light of day,
Doom'd them unheard, unpitied, and unknown,
Deep in a dungeon's dark receſs to groan,
Till the bleſt mandate came, by mercy giv'n,
To end their fate, and waft their ſouls to Heav'n!

A Noontide Walk in May. By the Same,

'Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain.'
BLOOMFIELD.

THUS had I anticipated the return of the loveliest month in the twelve, after April's ſtorms, to cheer me with a ſmile, and to fringe my wayward path with gold. May came; but, alas! ſorrow dimmed its beamy hours. My walk began in grief for a loved and honoured father reclined on the pillow of diſeaſe—of diſeaſe made heavier by extreme old age, and which left not a ray of hope to ſoothe the pang of filial affection: Even ſhe had fled,

'Whoſe ſmile can ſoothe the wearied priſoner's pains,
And tune to melody the clank of chains:
Conſol'd by her, while harſh the fetter rings,
He thinks of happier days, and gaily ſings.'

I proceeded over meadows decorated by the laviſh hand of all-bounteous Nature; but their beauties were unregarded: every zephyr ſeemed a blighting blaſt; every burſt of harmony from the groves ſounded diſcordant on my ear; every flower in vain ſolicited, as it were, to be noticed by my jaundiced eye.

Reflecting, as I went, on the great uncertainty of health and life, I could

not

not but recollect on ſome lines, which, a day or two before, had made a conſiderable impreſſion on my mind:

'Did laviſh fortune, from her endleſs ſtore,
Vain mortals! gratify each greedy thought;
Did new-born pleaſures court each circling hour,
Alas! how dearly is exiſtence bought!

'How dearer ſtill, when nor kind fortune's ray,
Nor vivid pleaſures, nor ſerene delight,
Cheer the ſad morning of the wretch's day,
Or cloſe his eyelids in the ſtormy night!

'Such are his fates who now, in plaintive lore,
Pours forth the anguiſh of his woe-ſtruck mind;
Swelling with tears the gentle river's ſtore;
Beneath a weeping willow's ſhade reclin'd.

When the mind is not at eaſe, human nature is perverſe enough to be diſguſted with the very ſcenes that would at any other period be its higheſt delight. At this time, I would rather than the ſurrounding calmneſs have contemplated,

'How would each ſweeping pond'rous bough
Reſiſt, when ſtraight the whirlwind cleaves,
Daſhing its ſtrength'ning eddies through
A roaring wilderneſs of leaves!

'How would the prone deſcending ſhower
From the green canopy rebound!
How would the lowland torrents pour!
How deep the pealing thunder ſound!' BLOOMFIELD.

I turned my ſteps homeward, and as I paſſed a field by the road ſide ſaw a happy circle of ruſtic labourers enjoying their humble meal. How different my preſent ſituation! They enjoyed their meal with a double zeſt, from the appetite created by labour; mine was joyleſs and alone: they, when night ſpreads her ſhadowy mantle over the globe, ſink to ſoft repoſe on their ſtraw pallets; whilſt I reluctantly lie down on my ſofter bed, but am denied the ſofter repoſe granted to them: at morning they riſe refreſhed, and hail the ſolar beam as it ſlants over the hill, whilſt the lark ſoars on high, and ſpeeds her matin ſong to Heaven; but I ſhun

'The golden ſummons of the ſkies.'

and feel as reluctant to quit my couch as I was at night to ſeek it.

I now reached my home, 'the houſe of mourning,' and entered it with heavy and penſive ſtep:

'Health's foe, ſuſpenſe, ſo irkſome to borne,
An ever-piercing and retreating thorn.'

was the only one to welcome me to its threſhold. Thus terminated my ſhort and ſorrowful ramble in May.

'To me in vain May's ſweets are pour'd around,
Joyleſs I view the faireſt flow'rs of ſpring;
Sorrow's ſharp barb has given a heart-felt wound,
And all the roſe-clad hours no peace can bring.'

Author's Manuſcript Poems.

A Village Tale. *(Concluded from page 348.)*

THE day after William had enliſted, an order was ſent for the regiment to be embarked immediately for foreign ſervice. The idea of leaving Roſe for ever, without again ſeeing her, and imploring her pity and forgiveneſs, drove him to madneſs. He applied to his commander for leave of abſence, but was refuſed, on account of the embarkation being to take place immediately. Wild with deſpair at being denied, he raſhly reſolved to deſert; determining not to leave his native land without taking his laſt farewell of his beloved Roſe. On the following morning he

he roſe before day-break, and putting on the cloaths he wore on the fatal night he enliſted, purſued his wretched way towards the village, where he arrived about noon. With haſty ſteps he paſſed onward, and reaching the well-known cottage, he, with frantic haſte, lifted the latch, and burſt into the room.—But the object he ſought was not there; ſhe had retired to her favourite ſeat.—William ſaw her through the window, and ruſhing into the garden, was in an inſtant at her feet. The affrighted girl, uttering a ſcream, hid her face with her hands, as William claſped her knees; and, in an accent of deep deſpair, beſought her not to curſe him.—'Dear injured Roſe, (cried he,) pardon the wretch that kneels before you for the laſt time.' 'O, William! William! (groaned the unhappy Roſe,) what had I done to excite your hatred?' 'Rack not my ſoul with ſuch an accuſation, (rejoined William.) I hate you! If, deareſt Roſe, you can again put faith in one perjured, believe me, your dear image was never for an inſtant effaced from my breaſt: and even at the moment I ſo infamouſly deſerted you, I loved you with the greateſt fervor.'—'Cruel, cruel lady Mary,' ejaculated Roſe. 'Name her not: ſhe is a monſter! O, that I could recall the paſt.' Roſe burſt into an agony of tears; William's words reminded her of her mother; and her weak frame ſhook with the anguiſh of her ſoul. In a few minutes her grief in part ſubſided; and ſhe held out her hand to William, who ſnatched it with eagerneſs to his lips and heart. 'Do you, indeed, pardon me! (ſaid he.) O, ſay you do, and I will no longer intrude myſelf upon you. Only tell me you forgive me ere I leave you.'—'Leave me! again deſert me!' (cried the trembling Roſe;) who then ſhall protect me!' 'I will, (exclaimed the delighted youth.) Say but you wiſh it, and death alone ſhall part us.' At that inſtant they heard a ruſtling behind the arbour. Roſe ſtarted as ſhe ſaw three ſoldiers getting over the hedge which ſeparated the garden from the meadows. With pallid cheeks ſhe looked at William, and graſped his arm: ſhe beheld him pale and trembling. 'My God! what does this mean? (ſaid ſhe,) as the men advanced towards them. 'Why it means, that we are come to fetch your ſweetheart, as I ſuppoſe he is, (ſaid one of them.) He has taken French leave of his commander, who intends to ſhew him Engliſh diſcipline as ſoon as we reach London. When ſoldiers run from their duty, it is fit they ſhould be puniſhed for their deſertion.' 'William is not a ſoldier, (replied the trembling Roſe;) are you William? 'Too ſure I am, and the miſerable wretch they ſeek. I muſt leave you poor undone girl, for ever.' 'You ſhall not quit me,' ſcreamed the frantic Roſe, clinging with force around his neck. Deſpair lent her ſtrength, and in vain they tried to unlock her hands; they were rivetted. William claſped her fragile form to his burſting heart, whilſt the ſcalding tears fell faſt from his eyes upon her wan cheek. Her violent emotion, at length, overpowered her; and, with a deep groan, ſhe ſunk fainting on William's boſom. The unfeeling ſoldiers ſeized this opportunity of forcing her from his arms, and gently placing her on the ſeat, hurried the heart-broken youth away, without ſuffering him to take a laſt embrace; fearing ſhe might revive before they departed. In this ſtate did Rachael find her, ignorant of the late events, from being abſent at the time William entered. She thought her dead; and, with fearful haſte, lifted her from the ſeat. The ſudden motion reſtored Roſe to a ſenſe of her miſery. She gazed on the ſervant and with eagerneſs, ſeized her arm with a convulſive graſp, and demanded where William was. 'The bleſſed Lord preſerve your ſenſes, my dear young miſtreſs, (replied the aſtoniſhed Rachel;) how ſhould I know? He has not been here ſince———' and ſhe ſtopt. 'He has, he has,' ſaid Roſe, in a voice of horror: 'and the ſavages have torn him from me. O, Father of Mercies, (added ſhe, ſinking on her knees,) grant me but ſtrength to reach the place they have borne him to; there to breath my laſt on his dear boſom,

ſom, and I ſhall be contented.' 'Whither would you go?' aſked the affrighted Rachael, holding her arm, as ſhe aroſe from her knees, 'To my beloved William,' replied Roſe, as, with more than human ſtrength, ſhe diſengaged herſelf, and ruſhed through the houſe. Deſpair and affection haſtened her ſteps which were ſo ſpeedy, that, before Rachel could alarm the village, ſhe had left it far behind her. Uncertain of the road, ſhe wandered on, her mind ſolely occupied by William's danger, and the hopes ſhe had of once more joining him, when ſhe determined nothing on earth ſhould again ſeparate them. Evening came on, and ſhe was on a wide common; weary and ſad; faint, too, from the want of nouriſhment; ſhe ſat down on a little hillock by the road ſide, and caſting her deſpairing eyes upon the dreary proſpect, burſt into tears. As ſhe was thus indulging her grief, a farmer, who was paſſing that way in his taxed cart, drove up cloſe to her, and, with a voice of tendereſt humanity, enquired what was the matter. 'If thou haſt loſt thy way, my girl, (continued the kind-hearted farmer,) do not grieve about it: I will take thee any way thou likeſt.'—'Take me to my dear William,' ſaid ſhe, ſtarting on her feet. 'And where is he?' 'They have taken him to London! why, my good girl, thou canſt not get there to night; it is full ten miles. Haſt thou no friends near?' 'None; not one, (replied Roſe, burſting afreſh into tears:) he is all to me; and they have torn him from my ſight.' 'Well, well, (ſaid the humane farmer,) dry up your tears, poor girl: I will take you home to my good dame for the night; and to morrow-morning we will go to William.' 'Will you, indeed, be ſo kind? (ſaid the delighted Roſe:) Heaven repay your goodneſs; I never can.' The old man helped her into his cart, and ſoon conveyed her to his farm, which ſtood a mile further on the common. He gave her to the care of his wife, who treated her with the utmoſt kindneſs: and the Almighty will no doubt reward them for their goodneſs to an unfortunate girl. They made her retire early, hoping ſleep would recruit her exhauſted ſpirits. But in vain did ſhe attempt to cloſe her eyes: the idea of William, and her anxiety to again behold him, baniſhed repoſe; and when in the morning ſhe met her kind friends, her looks bore teſtimony to the way in which ſhe had paſſed the night.

As ſoon as breakfaſt was ended, the farmer again placed her in his little cart; and they ſet off, accompanied by the kind wiſhes of the good dame.—During their ride, he inquired of Roſe the particulars of her ſtory, which ſhe with artleſs innocence, and tearful eyes, gave, from the commencement of her's and William's attachment, to the fatal moment of their ſeparation. The good farmer's eyes gliſtened as they proceeded; and his heart felt a father's affection for her. He had no children, and he determined in his mind, to adopt the poor orphan Providence had ſo unexpectedly placed under his care. He had but faint hopes of finding William, having no clue to guide them, Roſe not knowing to what regiment he belonged. As they drew near to London, they obſerved a great concourſe of people on the road; but thinking there might be ſome fair near the place, the farmer did not pay much attention to the circumſtance, till the croud encreaſing, induced him to ſtop the cart and inquire the reaſon of ſo much buſtle. He was anſwered, that a deſerter was going to be flogged on a common hard by. Roſe's heart ſickened when the ſound of the drums announced the approach of the unhappy object. The farmer had no doubt, from Roſe's ſtory, but it was William; and turned his cart, as he told her, to avoid been entangled with others; but, in reality, to ſave her the pangs of ſeeing the man ſhe loved in ſuch a ſituation. Unfortunately, by theſe means he brought her to witneſs the ſcene he was ſo anxious to keep her from; for, by turning up a lane which he hoped would lead them from the common, he entered it at the moment the wretched William (for it was him who had been brought there a nearer way) was tied to a poſt, and had

received

received the first cruel lash. The cry of anguish which burst from the lips of the sufferer, caught the ear of Rose, who instantly recognised the object of her fondest love. With a piercing scream she darted from the cart, which was unable to move from the pressure of the crowd, and flew towards the spot—'William! my dearest William! (she raved out.) Stop, barbarians! savages, forbear!' Then sinking on the ground, with a convulsive groan she expired. All eyes were now turned from William to the breathless Rose. They assisted the farmer, who had followed as fast as his agitation would permit, to convey the body to the nearest house, until the coroner was summoned; whilst the unfortunate William, after undergoing the whole of his sentence, was taken back to London, insensible of his wounds; the regiment proceeding on its march to the place of its embarkation.

The unhappy farmer now left the house where he had placed Rose's lifeless remains, and soon reached his home. His tears prepared his wife for the melancholy tale, ere his lips uttered it.—After lamenting over the fate of poor Rose, they consulted together what was to be done in respect of her funeral, ignorant of where she came from; (as Rose, in her account to the farmer, had omitted the name of her native village.) They had no means of tracing out her friends, but through the unfortunate William. To him they judged it best to apply, should he have survived the punishment he had undergone.—It was now no difficulty to find him.—The farmer once more, with a heavy heart, set out for the metropolis. He soon found out the wretched William, whose wounds, from the lashes he had received, added to his mental sufferings, were declared mortal. His haggard look, and vacant eye, as the farmer entered, struck him with the truest sorrow; and he turned aside, to conceal a starting tear. Going to the bedside of the dying sufferer, and taking his clammy hand, he pronounced the name of Rose. The sound roused William from his death-like stupor: he feebly pressed the hand which held his, and fixed his glozed eyes for a moment on the farmer, he asked if he might see her before he died. 'Alas! poor youth,' sighed the farmer, 'you will soon meet where nothing will ever part you.' 'Is she no more?' said William, his voice growing more and more faint.—'O, God! then release me from my sufferings. Pardon my sins, and let me join her pure spirit in thy blessed kingdom.' The exertion of saying so much, poduced a long fainting fit, in which all around him thought he had breathed his last. After a while, he revived, and again addressing the farmer, 'I know not whom you are, (said he;) but as you seem acquainted with my poor Rose, whose death your words inform me of, (the farmer's tears confirmed the truth,) you, no doubt, are also acquainted with the misfortuunes that have hurried her to a premature grave; misfortunes brought on by me, who ought to have been her shield from every care. Hear me out, (seeing the farmer was about to interrupt him:) I have not long to speak. All I have to request is, that you will see us both buried in one grave by the side of her mother, whose death I have to answer for. May the Merciful Disposer of all events accept my present sufferings as an atonement for my former crimes. Say, (cried he, turning to the farmer,) will you attend to my last wish?' The farmer pressed his hand in token of assent. 'You will? may God reward you.' Then faintly articulating the name of Rose, he closed his eyes for ever.

The farmer, finding all was over, considered how he was to find the place to which they belonged. On searching the pocket of the deceased, they found a letter addressed to Rose, which he had written previous to his forming the fatal resolution of deserting. This informed the farmer all he wished to know. He kept his promise to William; and, in a few days, had them conveyed to our village. They were buried in yonder grave, and were accompanied by nearly all the inhabitants. There was not a dry eye in the

the place; and when they were placed in the ground, the groans and ſobs of thoſe around, told how much they were beloved, how ſincerely lamented. William's parents are haſtening after them to the grave: the accumulated woe heaped on their aged heads within the laſt few months, has entirely broken their ſpirits. They cloſe their eyes in tears, and wake each morn to miſery. Every hour do we expect the knell to toll for one or both of them. Sir Frederic, ſhocked at the dreadful termination of his ſcheme, left the caſtle, and is, I hear gone abroad. As for the vile lady Mary, we know not what has become of her: but, go where ſhe will, ſhe will be followed by the execrations of the village; for, had ſhe not aſſiſted in the infamous contrivance, we might have rejoiced at their nuptials, inſtead of lamenting over their grave. But the dews of night are faſt falling; let us quit this place and the melancholy ſubject together. SUSAN.

Nervad; or, the Imperfection of Human Enjoyments. (An Eaſtern Story.)

NERVAD was a man of an indolent habit, and was beſides the pooreſt man in all Bagdad. He was diſcontented and repining, and deſirous of the eaſe and pleaſures of his ſuperiors, without having ſufficient reſolution to labour for their attainment.

As he was one day deeply muſing upon his indigent condition, and forming ideal pictures of the enjoyments and gratifications of the wealthy, he ſunk into a ſlumber. The train of his thoughts ſtill continuing, he imagined himſelf reclined upon a ſplendid ſofa: beautiful women were placed around him, and delicacies of every kind were ſerved him by a crowd of menials.—Nervad was enraptured with the pleaſures he poſſeſſed, and revelled in the eager fruition of them; but his joy was no more than momentary. He found a liſtleſſneſs ſoon creeping upon him; a capricious and inconſiſtent temper; and he gradually felt himſelf growing jealous of his women, tyrannical to his ſervants, and faſtidious and difficult reſpecting his food. Inſtead of eaſe and content of mind, he felt diſquiet and apprehenſion. Beſides his domeſtic perplexities, he dreaded the rapacity of the governor of the province; whilſt the depredations of robbers, and the waſte of ſtorms, put him in fear for his property and lands. So occupied was he with his ſituation, that theſe terrors of his fancy at length appeared more intolerable to him than the few real wants which he had experienced in his firſt condition; and he concluded how much greater muſt be the happineſs of the man who has few wants and deſires, few cares, and little apprehenſion from tyranny and rapine.

As theſe reflections were paſſing in his mind, Nervad ſuddenly thought himſelf advanced to the government of the province. He felt himſelf elevated with this increaſe of wealth and power, and could not but believe it would heighten his felicity. He had armies of ſoldiers, and numerous ſlaves at his command; an extenſive palace for his reſidence; and the greateſt men of his province proſtrating themſelves before him, courting him with magnificent preſents, and obeying him with fear. Yet, notwithſtanding he put on cheerfulneſs in his countenance, and confidence and freedom in his behaviour, he looked on every one who flattered him as plotting ſecretly to effect his ruin; he trembled at the influence of the great, and at the diſcontent of the poor; and, above all, his heart was pale with apprehenſion of the intrigues of his enemies at court, and of the caprice and veering favour of the ſultan. He would often regret that his poſſeſſions were not more within his power; he mourned the dependence in which he ſtood; and reflected how much more completely muſt that man be happy who owed his advancement to his own exertions, and could augment his wealth, not only without the diſſatisfaction and murmurs, but with the pleaſure and approbation, of others; and whoſe proſperity was maintained by his own labours and prudence and the co-operation of numbers, rather than

than by the changeful partiality, the idle fear, or unaccountable caprices of an individual.

With that ſtrange incongruity which uſually accompanies our dreams, with theſe wiſhes his authority and ſtate, his ſplendour and extenſive command, the attendance of the great, and the pomp obedience of all, paſſed away, and he thought himſelf in an immenſe building, ſurrounded by huge piles of merchandiſe, the product. of every region of the globe. He directed the proceedings of a multitude of perſons who ſupplied the thronging purchaſers of his commodities. The edifice was divided into many large apartments; in all of which was heard the hum of buſy crowds, the voice of labour, and the noiſe of exertion. His treaſures were large, and continually flowing in and circulating. He had agents on every ſhore, and in every city; his affairs branched out into a thouſand channels and concerns; and he was embarked in numberleſs adventures.—The abundance of his wealth produced him every neceſſary and luxury, every convenience and ornament, of life; yet it was ſtill attended with the fear of loſing it. He was ſometimes apprehenſive of competitors in his undertakings, and could ſcarcely forbear looking with ſome envy upon his thriving contemporaries. Amidſt the exuberance of his wealth and treaſure, his mind would often torment itſelf with fancying the many dangers to which his concerns were ſubject, and picturing to himſelf the loſs of his caravans, and the ſhipwreck of his veſſels; the irruption of the invading armies of hoſtile ſtates, and the ravages of depredators; the deſertion of his cuſtomers; the decreaſe of his commerce; or the inſolvency of his debtors. He thus found ſplendour blended with apprehenſion, plenty with anxious ſolicitude, wealth with ſervility, and multiplicity of buſineſs with multiplicity of cares.

Upon his awakening from his dream, and finding himſelf in the ſame thoughtful poſture, covered with his old tattered apparel, he regretted to perceive that his affluence had vaniſhed, but reſolved for the future to learn this leſſon from it:—Not to pine after luxuries and eaſe, as the enjoyment of them is never complete and untroubled; and not to covet or envy any condition of life, as all are accompanied with cares and dangers of various kinds: but ſolely to aim at temperance and regularity; and to hope for their recompenſe in that unbounded happineſs which is to be enjoyed only in another ſtate of exiſtence.

His Majeſty's Speech, as delivered in the Houſe of Peers, on Tueſday, July 22, 1806. By Commiſſioners appointed for that purpoſe.

'*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

HIS majeſty has commanded us to acquaint you, that the ſtate of the public buſineſs enables his majeſty to cloſe this ſeſſion of parliament. We are at the ſame time directed to expreſs to you the great ſatisfaction which his majeſty has derived from your unremitting zeal and diligence, and from the attention to the moſt important intereſts of his empire, which has been ſo conſpicuouſly manifeſted in all your proceedings.

'The meaſures which have been adopted for the permanent improvement of the various branches of our military ſyſtem, your attention to combine theſe arrangements with the great object of public œconomy, and the regulations which you have eſtabliſhed for the ſpeedy and effectual audit of the public accounts, call for his majeſty's particular acknowledgements.

'*Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,*

'We have it in command from his majeſty to thank you for the proviſion which you have made for the various exigencies of the public ſervice, particularly for raiſing within the year ſo very large a proportion of the neceſſary ſupplies, a meaſure in itſelf highly advantageous, and which muſt create both at home and abroad the moſt favourable impreſſion of our national reſources, and of the ſpirit which animates the Britiſh people. You may be aſſured

aſſured that the utmoſt attention ſhall be paid to the frugal adminiſtration of thoſe ſupplies which you have ſo libe-ally granted.

'His majeſty is particularly ſenſible of the freſh proof he has received of your affectionate attachment to him, in the proviſion which you have made for enabling the younger branches of his royal family to meet the neceſſary expences of their ſtation.

'*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

'His majeſty being always anxious for the reſtoration of peace, on juſt and honourable terms, is engaged in diſcuſſions with a view to the accompliſhment of this moſt deſirable end. Their ſucceſs muſt depend on a correſponding diſpoſition on the part of the enemy.

'And in every event his majeſty looks with the fulleſt confidence to the continuance of that union and public ſpirit among all ranks of his people, which can alone give energy to war and ſecurity to peace.'

HOLYHEAD.

A PARAGRAPH appeared lately in the Newſpapers from ſome ſelf-intereſted Perſons, probably, ſetting forth Matters, the whole almoſt of which are Falſehoods, in praiſe of an Harbour, they wiſh to make at Portdynllaen, in Carnarvon-bay, and twenty-two Miles ſou-weſt of Carnarvon, in Carnarvonſhire; and alſo in praiſe of a Road from London to Portdynllaen.

This Paragraph mentions, that it is in contemplation for the Benefit of Commerce in St. George's Channel, &c. to open a better Communication between London and Dublin than by Holyhead. That it is propoſed to erect a Pier at Portdynllaen, and to make there one of the beſt and ſafeſt Harbours in the Kingdom, where Ships may Day and Night come to and anchor in four fathoms water, whereas Holyhead is a dry Harbour, and that the Tide muſt flow three Hours at ſpring, and four at neap Tides, before a veſſel can get in or out of it. That the Race of Holyhead, the rocky ſhore, to the eaſt, and ſunken Rocks of Ynyſyrhalen, all dangerous, would be avoided by ſubſtituting Portdynllaen for Holyhead. That it is thirty-ſix Miles leſs from London to Portdynllaen than to Holyhead, and that Bangor and Conway-ferries would be avoided.

Now, no better Communication, nor one a fiftieth part ſo good, can ever, poſſibly, be had, between London and Dublin, as that by Holyhead. A Pier, eaſt from the Iſland at Holyhead would be two-thirds ſhorter, than a Pier at Portdynllaen, as it is two-thirds nigher to the deep water than Portdynllaen. Veſſels may now anchor in four fathoms water off Holyhead, and be two-thirds nigher to the town than in four fathoms water off Portdynllaen, viz. half a dozen bad houſes. Holyhead Harbour is dry, at low water, for want of a Pier; but Portdynllaen is two thirds more dry, as the Tide goes out two-thirds further from it. The Race of Holyhead and the ſunken Rocks there are not one-fiftieth part ſo dangerous as the ſands about Portdynllaen.

Holyhead has a Mountain, which the ſailor ſees from his Ship, ſoon after clearing Dublin Bay. Portdynllaen has no Ground near it higher than the Meadow-land, on which Holyhead Mountain ſtands. Holyhead has a deep-water from the Iſland every way for ſhips approaching it. Portdynllaen has Shallows and Sands, and the very dangerous Bar and

Sands

Sands of Carnarvon near it; it has theſe Sands extending four, five, and ſix Miles out, over which no veſſel can paſs except about high Tide time: as it blows two-thirds of the Year from the weſtward, theſe ſands, two-thirds of the Year, would preſent lee Sand-ſhallows for two-thirds of the Year to the Shipping. A Ship, or the Dublin Mail Packet-Boat, might be at Portdynllaen a fortnight before ſhe could ſail for Dublin, as the winds are two-thirds of the Year from the weſtward and into Carnarvon Bay, where Portdynllaen is; but from Holyhead a Veſſel can always go out, if ſhe can get out from any weſtern Harbour in north Wales.

Holyhead is ſixty Engliſh Miles ſtraight acroſs the channel, eaſt of Dublin. Portdynllaen is about ten Miles further ſail from Dublin, and is oppoſite, not to Dublin, but to Wicklow, twenty four Miles ſouth of Dublin, in Ireland, which has no harbour, nor is there any for a ſhip, north or ſouth of it, nigher than Dublin, north, and Waterford, ſouth: A chain of Sandbanks runs along off this Coaſt, from Dublin to near Waterford. Holyhead will be ten Miles nigher to the Mail Packet-boat ſtation in Ireland, and Portdynllaen ten Miles further from it than it now is, when a Pier ſhall be built, eaſt of Howth-town, ſeven Miles due eaſt of Dublin, for the Packet-boats. An act of Parliament and ten thouſand Pounds were lately obtained for this Pier; ſo that the Paſſage from Holyhead, over Dublin-bar to Dublin will alſo be avoided.

A Veſſel ſtraight from Holyhead to Dublin meets no Sandbank, which can ſtop her courſe till ſhe comes to Dublin Bar. A Veſſel from Portdynllaen to Dublin has the Kiſh Sandbank, ſix Miles long, acroſs her paſſage, and Dublin Bar, neither of which ſhe can attempt to paſs over except the tide ſhall be at leaſt half in. A Veſſel from Holyhead can make Dublin in eight Hours or two Days at furtheſt. A veſſel from Portdynllaen muſt take a much longer time to make Dublin, and muſt have a wind from the ſouthward or ſhe cannot make it at all except after great delay and difficulty, for Portdynllaen beſides being eaſt of Dublin is alſo about twenty-four miles to the ſouth of it.

St. George's channel, between north Wales and Ireland, runs north and ſouth, and the tide flows up it, from the ſouth, ſix hours, and down it, from the north, the next ſix; ſo that a Veſſel from Portdynllaen bound to Dublin and juſt after clearing Carnarvon Bay, if the wind fails, and that the Ebb-tide, from the north, had juſt began, muſt be carried off, by this Ebb-tide, for ſix hours to the ſouth: when inſtead of being in her courſe for Dublin, ſhe would be off the Coaſt of Pembrokeſhire, ſouth Wales, and near the Briſtol Channel.

Holyhead is about half ſea over to Dublin, from Liverpool, which is the ſecond Town in the Kingdom for foreign Trade and Commerce.—Portdynllaen is far diſtant from all Ship-courſes; and any Man looking at a good Map of England, Wales, and St. George's Channel, between Wales and Ireland, may ſee the abſurdity of propoſing Portdynllaen, two Miles ſou-weſt of Nefyn, inſtead of Holyhead for the Welch Station for the Dublin Mail Packet-boats. Portdynllaen has the ſhallow Waters and deep Bays of Carnarvon cloſe north of it, and of Cardigan ſouth of it, neither of which have an Harbour, worth calling one, for a Ship to get into, even almoſt at high tide.

Now, with reſpect to Roads. The Bala Road, about eighteen Miles nor-eaſt of this propoſed Road, tho' it is about as ſhort as it, yet the Mountains

Mountains at both ſides of Bala, which never can be cut out, are ſo immenſe, and ſo long covered with ſnow, for two Stages eaſterly of Tanybwlch, that they bid defiance to Coach travelling for ever that way; ſo Bala-road is quite out of the Queſtion.

Holyhead has from London, thro' Coventry, Birmingham, and Shrewſbury, as flat and eaſy a road as any Town in Great Britain, equally diſtant from it, has. Portdynllaen has, from London, a very ſteep hilly road for about fifteen Miles, between Worceſter and Ludlow, and a very ſteep Road for about ten Miles, which never can be avoided or eaſed, over the north-eaſtern Part of the great Caeder Idris Mountain, which is ſou-eaſt of Dolgelly, Merionethſhire; this mountainous Stage covered with Snow for Weeks together ſometimes, bids Defiance to any regular travelling this way for ever. The Continuation of the propoſed Road, from Tanybwlch, is over the great Tanybwlch Mountains, then over Penmorva Sands for about four Miles; theſe Sands can only be paſſed about low Water-time, and even then only through water a foot or two deep; however it is propoſed to avoid Penmorva Sands by making a very long Embankment, and a Bridge, at a Coſt of about fifteen thouſand Pounds, which would lengthen the preſent Road about two Miles: This Embankment would be two Miles below Pont Aberglaſlyn, and would probably be ſwept away by the firſt great diſcharge of water from Snowdon and other Mountains after it was made. Holyhead is about two Miles, by the Turnpike meaſured Road, nigher to London than Portdynllaen is or ever can be by the Road, and Portdynllaen and its Road have not a ſingle circumſtance to recommend them to the Traveller from London to Dublin, except that they avoid Bangor-ferry; however Bangor-ferry is a ſhort, ſafe, good ferry, and is in the right line for the Traveller from Dublin, to all Parts of north and ſouth Wales and England.

As to Conway-ferry, which cauſes much delay to the Traveller, and is as broad again as Bangor-ferry, that has been cut out of the Road from London and Shrewſbury to Holyhead by the new Capel Cerig-road, and it will ſoon be cut out of the Road from Cheſter to Holyhead, as a Road, for that purpoſe, has been making for a Year paſt by Mold and Ruthin, which will be about equally ſhort, and a great deal eaſier than the Conway-ferry mountainous Road. Holyhead is about equally convenient and accommodating to every Man from Dublin, whether he wants to go to London or the ſouth of England, or to Cheſter, conſequently to all the north of England. Portdynllaen and its Road to London are far out of the Line of the trading and manufacturing Towns—no Man of Buſineſs from Dublin has any Buſineſs that way, and its Road, thro' Wales, affords Views of Country very inferior indeed to what the Welch Road from London to Holyhead does.

Dublin, 8th July, 1806. *WM. DAWSON.*

From the London Poſt-Office, thro' Coventry, and Birmingham to Shrewſbury	—	154	From the London Poſt-Office to Worceſter	—	115
Holyhead	— —	107	Portdynllaen	— —	148
Miles	—	261	Miles	—	263

Journal

Journal of the Proceedings of the Fourth Session of the Second Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. (Continued from Page 367.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THURSDAY, *April* 17.

IN a committee on the longitude act, a ſum not exceeding 10,000l. was voted for the encouragement of that diſcovery, and other improvements in navigation.

A report was brought up from the committee of ways and means, impoſing a duty of 1s. per cwt. on Eaſt India ſugars.

In a committee on the witneſſes' liability bill, the maſter of the rolls propoſed to add a proviſo of reſtrictions, from a conviction that, without ſuch a limitation, a witneſs would frequently commit perjury.

Mr. Fox ſpoke againſt the proviſo; and expreſſed his wiſh that the bill ſhould be abandoned, rather than ſuch an addition ſhould be made to it.

The proviſo, after ſome farther converſation, was thrown out.

MILITARY DEFENCE.

Mr. Yorke moved, that the opinions of military officers given to government, relative to ſervice for a limited period, ſhould be laid before the houſe. He obſerved, that the queſtion was of ſuch a nature, that the houſe could not decide on it without having the opinions of military men; as mr. Windham, in exhibiting his long expected plan, had given no information which could enable the houſe to come to a deciſion. He proceeded to obſerve how cautious government ought to be in adopting a military plan on which profeſſional men were divided, and that it was impoſſible to be too particular in inveſtigating the opinions to which he alluded.

Mr. Windham objected to the motion, on the ground of the inconvenience and embarraſſment it would occaſion to thoſe officers who had given their opinions confidentially.

General Tarleton ſupported the motion, as did lord Caſtlereagh and mr. Canning, who ſaid, he conſidered the plan of the ſecretary at war as a project unworthy of the ſanction of the houſe.

18.] Colonel Welleſley took the oaths and his ſeat.

A new writ was ordered for Wicklow, in the room of the hon. G. Ponſonby, appointed chancellor of Ireland; and for Galway, in the room of D. B. Daly, eſq. now joint muſter-maſter general in Ireland.

EX PARTE EVIDENCE.

Serjeant Beſt moved for a bill to prevent the publication of *ex parte* evidence, in legal and criminal proceedings. He obſerved, that no man could have leſs intention than himſelf to abridge the liberty of the preſs; but he was convinced that the publication of evidence previous to trials tended to bias the minds of juries. He alluded to the diſſemination of the evidence in the caſes of Deſpard and Patch; and obſerved, that as the law now ſtood, the publication of ſuch evidence could not be prevented. One of the clauſes of his bill he propoſed ſhould give a penalty of 100l. on the publiſher, to any perſon who ſhould prove the fact of publication.—Leave was given to bring in the bill.

Mr. Paul moved for additional papers connected with the ſubject of his motion on the conduct of marquis Welleſley.

Mr. W. Keene expreſſed his opinion in favour of the marquis's conduct; and thought that no governor-general ought to be cenſured for any ſingle inſtance in which he had deviated from the ſtrict letter of the law, to promote the good of the empire.

Mr. Francis ſaid a few words in approbation of the conduct of mr. Paul; and was followed by mr. Fox, who deprecated impeachments of governors general.

The papers were ordered; and mr. Paul ſaid, he would lay one charge on the table on Tueſday, and two more in the courſe of the week.

21.] Mr. Fox brought down the meſſage from his majeſty, as given in the

the lords; (see page 361.) He then presented the dispatches connected with it.

Lord A. Hamilton moved for certain papers and dispatches connected with the intended inquiry into the conduct of the marquis Wellesley. He entered at great length on the present state of affairs in India, to show that they were reduced and calamitous.

Mr. Fox opposed the production of the papers alluded to; as tending to prejudge his case: he proceeded to argue, that the marquis had been justified in his conduct regarding Ferruckabad, by the approbation of his superiors.

Mr. R. Thornton, one of the directors spoke in favour of the motion; and lords Castlereagh, H. Petty, Temple, and the master of the rolls against it.—The original motion was rejected, on a division, by a majority of 127 to 27.

22.] The hon. H. Erskine, returned for Haddington, &c. and the right hon. W. Wickham, for Cashel, took the oaths and their seats.

On the motion of mr. Whitbread, the order authorising the attorney general to institute a civil suit against mr. A. Trotter was discharged.

Mr. Percival moved for accounts of expenses of volunteer corps. He stated, that his object was to enable the house to appreciate the mode in which the secretary at war proposed to deal with the volunteers, which he considered as most extraordinary; and he thought it would induce 200,000 men to lay down their arms, and abandon the service in disgust. He expressed his opinion at some length on the subject; in the course of which, he condemned any measures which might degrade that respectable body; while he regretted the intemperance with which some of the corps had anticipated the alteration.

Mr. Fox said, that he considered the speech of mr. P. as calculated to inflame the minds of the volunteers; and advised him to understand what was intended before he presumed to talk so confidently. He answered in a similar way, all the points of mr. Percival's speech; and concluded with assenting to the motion.

Lord Castlereagh spoke at some length, to shew that the new plan might be rendered more agreeable than when it was brought forward.

Mr. Windham, in reply to the speech of mr. Percival, denied in the most pointed terms, ever having intended to disband the volunteers; and opposed the motion; but after a few words from general Tarleton, it was agreed to.

Mr. Paul moved that his first charge against marquis Wellesley do lie on the table. It was read *pro forma*; and mr. P. then moved that it be referred to a committee this day three weeks; but on the motion of mr. Sheridan, it was agreed that the motion, as well as an amendment proposed by mr. Fox, should be withdrawn, till other papers were ready.

23.] A new writ was ordered for Wexford, in the room of lord Loftus, now marquis of Ely.

The Irish house and bank note duty bills were read a third time, and passed.

After much other preliminary business, mr. Fox moved the consideration of his majesty's message, and took a detailed view of the aggressions of Prussia, in terms nearly similar to the sentiments of lord Grenville on the same occasion; but he did ample justice to his Prussian majesty, by stating that he had been misled by the pernicious counsels of the enemies of Great Britain. He deprecated in the strongest terms the conduct of that monarch with respect to Hanover: showed that at the time of the battle of Austerlitz he was the arbiter of the fate of Europe; and, contrasting the conduct of the king of Prussia with the powers of Holland and Spain, declared that that of the latter was honourable, as they could not avoid furnishing either money or men; but that the conduct of Prussia excited pity and contempt! Alluding to the cession of Bayreuth and Anspach, he observed, that the degradation of this cession was much increased by the conduct of the people of Anspach, who entreated their sovereign

not

not to abandon them: it was a great increaſe of diſhonour to ſell a brave and loyal people for what was called an equivalent: it was an union of every thing that was contemptible in ſervility, with every thing that was odious in rapacity. The remainder of his ſpeech illuſtrated, in ſtriking terms, the humility of Pruſſia; her diſgraceful ſubmiſſion to France; and the contempt which her want of fortitude had entailed upon her.

Lord Caſtlereagh expreſſed his high approbation of the ſentiments of mr. Fox; and paid many compliments to miniſters for the firmneſs of their reſolutions, and their ſpirit of conciliation.—The addreſs was carried *nem. con.*

Mr. Sheridan moved for the diſcharge of an order paſſed for printing a charge againſt marquis Welleſley. He made ſome ſevere remarks on the conduct of the member who had brought forward the buſineſs.

On the third reading of the witneſſes' bill from the lords, a very elaborate diſcuſſion took place.—The bill was oppoſed by ſir V. Gibbs, mr. Tyrwhitt, the maſter of the rolls, and mr. Percival; and ſupported by mr. Morris, the ſolicitor general, mr. Fonblanque, and mr. Fox. The ſolicitor general and mr. Fox ſupported the bill, principally on the ground of the danger which would accrue to the criminal juriſprudence of the country, ſhould any doubt be entertained that a witneſs was bound to give his evidence on a criminal proſecution, though ſuch evidence might render him liable to a civil ſuit.—A diviſion then took place, and there appeared—For the third reading, 51; againſt it, 18; majority, 33.

24.] Sergeant Beſt informed the houſe, that ſeveral perſons for whoſe judgment he had the higheſt reſpect having thought that his bill to prevent the publication of *ex parte* evidence would encroach upon the liberty of the preſs, he ſhould decline preſſing it on their attention.

The cuſtoms duty bill was read a third time and paſſed.

25.] The tobacco duty bill was read a third time, and paſſed.

INCREASED PAY OF THE NAVY.

Lord Howick roſe to move for an increaſe of pay to the officers and men of the royal navy. He paid many compliments to the bravery and loyalty of that deſerving body; and intimated the propriety of removing every cauſe of complaint among them. He was of opinion, that, conſidering the increaſed value of money, ſome addition to their pay was now neceſſary; and he was ſupported in that opinion by many experienced officers, whom he had conſulted. He alluded to the advance of pay, which had been made in 1797; and obſerved, that no alteration then took place in the pay of petty officers, though the allowance to the ſeamen was increaſed 5s. 6d. per month. One object for the propoſed addition was, that thoſe brave men might receive a compenſation for their hardſhips, without depending upon the precarious chance of prize-money. Though the ſcale of increaſe which he was about to ſubmit might appear extravagant to gentlemen who had not an opportunity of minutely examining the ſubject, yet he was convinced, the more it was conſidered, the more juſt and neceſſary it would appear. He now proceeded to detail the principle by which he propoſed that thoſe increaſed renumerations ſhould be regulated; and beginning firſt with the loweſt order, he thought landſmen on board ſhips of war ſhould not be excluded. They entered voluntarily, and the hope of renumeration would animate their endeavours to become able ſeamen. The ſcale then would ſtand thus: ordinary ſeamen, per month, 2s.—able ſeamen, ditto, 4s.—petty officers, ditto, 5s.—captains of the top, fore-maſt, after-guard, and fore-caſtle, ditto, 9s. 6d.—warrant officers, ditto, 6s.—Chaplains, annexing to their office the duty of ſchoolmaſter, per. ann. 20l.—Lieutenants, per day, 1s.—captains of all veſſels under ſixth rates, ditto, 4s.—all above 6th rates, ditto, 6s.—rear-admirals, ditto, 3s. 6d.—vice-admirals, ditto,

ditto, 5s.—admiral, ditto, 7s.—admiral of the fleet, ditto, 10s. The totals of which together were eſtimated at 288,000l. upon a rough calculation; but certainly leſs than 300,000l. In the preſent year, as the increaſe would not commence till the firſt of May, the amount was eſtimated only at 193,158l. For maſters and ſurgeons no increaſe was propoſed, their pay being already advanced. He then propoſed, that thoſe who were diſabled by age or infirmities ſhould be remunerated from the cheſt at Chatham, or from Greenwich hoſpital: the rates could not now be aſcertained; but the governor and ſuperintendants of the hoſpital had reported that it would not be neceſſary to have a greater aid than between 14 and 20,000l. from government; and, with reſpect to Greenwich hoſpital, though it was not intended to increaſe the allowance to in-door penſioners, as ſuch increaſe might tend to miſchievous purpoſes, yet it was propoſed to increaſe the out-door allowances from ten pounds a-year up to the full allowance of one ſhilling per day. One clauſe of his bill would be to effect the appropriation of 1s. in the pound from all prize-money, for the purpoſes mentioned; while his majeſty would cheerfully grant the ſame proportion from his droits of admiralty. With reſpect to the marines, he paid them the higheſt compliments for their eminent zeal; but as they were more properly connected with the army, it was intended to give them the full benefit of meaſures which would ſpeedily be introduced relative to that branch of the ſervice.

Lord Garlies highly approved of the principle of the bill, but thought that the moſt eſſential claſs of men were ſtill unprovided for; he meant the warrant and petty officers, who were the life and ſoul of every man of war: he alſo thought that the firſt lieutenants ſhould receive an addition.—The reſolutions were then put and carried.

On the motion of the attorney-general, the ſlave trade bill was read a ſecond time, and ordered to be read a third time on Tueſday.

Meſſrs. Roſe, Princep, and generals Gaſcoigne and Tarleton, ſpoke againſt the bill; and the attorney-general and mr. Fox in favour of it.

PROPERTY TAX.

In a committee on this ſubject, lord H. Petty ſaid, that it had been found expedient to make a number of verbal alterations in the bill. In various caſes, a certificate would be granted, which being produced before the commiſſioners, would exonerate them from further inquiry. It was provided that all real property ſhould be ſubject to a duty of ten per cent. Annuitants, whoſe incomes did not exceed from 50l. to 100l. per annum, were to be indulged with exemptions, according to a ſcale or ratio increaſing in proportion to the ſmallneſs of their income. On further reflection it had appeared, that the benefits of theſe exemptions ſhould be allowed to perſons having an income of from 100l. to 150l. a-year; and this advantage ſhould not only be conceded to annuitants, but to all the deſcriptions of perſons poſſeſſing incomes of from 50l. to 100l. per annum. Whatever might be his diſpoſition to render the tax productive, there was another claſs of individuals who deſerved particular indulgence: he meant thoſe men who, by manual labour, earned more than 50l. a-year. Many of thoſe perſons, not only on account of their extraordinary ingenuity and induſtry, but from the danger to their health and exiſtence from the nature of their employment, received high wages: he ſhould therefore propoſe, that thoſe who, by their manual exertion acquired 30s. per week, or 5s. per day, ſhould be exempted from the operation of the act.

A long debate enſued on the referring to a committee the ſtipendiary curates' bill.

Lord Portcheſter ſpoke againſt it, on the ground of the power which it gave the biſhops; and moved the previous queſtion, which was carried by a majority of 12.

28.] Lord St. Vincent's annuity deſcent bill was read a third time, and paſſed.

Lord

Lord Garlies propoſed two amendments in the additional navy pay bill; one was an increaſe of pay of 1s. per day to the firſt lieutenants of ſhips of the line, to be extended to the lieutenants of 50 gun ſhips; and to the number of petty officers, by an increaſe of the quarter-gunners, at the rate of one to every four guns.

Lord Howick conceived the amendments to be inadmiſſible, and ſtated his intention to oppoſe them.—The report of the additional allowance was then agreed to.

A converſation aroſe on the propriety of ſubjecting the property of foreigners in the Britiſh funds to the income tax; and a motion was agreed to, for an account ſhowing the amount of all exemptions granted to foreigners, with reſpect to dividends.

Mr. Paul moved the reading of the charge preſented by him laſt week, for the impeachment of marquis Wellefley. He lamented that the order for printing this important document had been reſcinded, on the motion of mr. Sheridan. He denied, in the moſt poſitive terms, the aſſertion, that he had got a ſeat for the purpoſe of impeaching the marquis; and added, that twenty-nine of the court of directors had ſtigmatized the conduct of that nobleman, as being contrary to law. The laſt time he addreſſed the houſe on this ſubject, he was told that he undertook this great cauſe at his peril. He did not, however, underſtand any ſuch thing.—Did the gentlemen who undertook the impeachment of lord Melville undertake that cauſe at their peril? He truſted not; and he truſted alſo, that lord Wellefley was now, to uſe an expreſſion of certain gentlemen, in a tangible ſhape. He then, at great length, reſtated his firſt charge, already on the table, and moved that it be printed.

Dr. Lawrence ſeconded the motion; and

Lord Douglas ſupported it. His lordſhip obſerved, that the houſe would be guilty of a dereliction of duty, if, after it had ſuffered a charge ſo grave and ſerious to be laid upon its table, it ſhould refuſe to have it printed.

Mr. Windham alſo ſupported the motion; and obſerved, that mr. Paul had been moſt cruelly treated by the houſe for endeavouring to diſcharge his duty.

Mr. Fox ſpoke at ſome length, to ſhow that the charge, if printed, ſhould only be for the uſe of the members.

Mr. Paul then ſaid, that he had moved for ninety-nine documents againſt the marquis, only eleven of which had been produced.

Sir A. Wellefley defended his brother at ſome length; and ſaid, that with reſpect to himſelf, he had acted only in conſequence of the orders he had received, and ſhould not conceive himſelf anſwerable to that houſe, or any other tribunal.

After ſome further converſation, mr. Paul conſented to withdraw his motion.

29.] The members proceeded to attend the trial of lord Melville; and on returning to the houſe, a meſſage was received from the lords, informing them that they had agreed to the Iriſh bank notes, Iriſh houſe duty repeal, and three millions exchequer bills' bill.

A long converſation took place on the election treating bill. Sir R. Buxton, and meſſrs. Paul, Francis, S. Stanhope, captain Herbert, and lord A. Hamilton, ſpoke againſt it; and meſſrs. Baker and Tierney for its recommitment, which was carried by a majority of 24 to 14.

30.] A converſation on the reſpective advantage of recruiting for limited and unlimited ſervice, took place between meſſrs. Yorke, Windham, and lord Caſtlereagh:—His lordſhip and mr. Y. contending, that the recruits enliſted for unlimited ſervice during a certain period (ſeven years) of the American war, were far more numerous than thoſe enliſted for limited ſervice.

ADDITIONAL FORCE ACT.

Mr. Windham moved the ſecond reading of the bill for repealing the additional force act.—On which

General ſir J. Pulteney roſe to oppoſe the meaſure: he went at much length into his objections; the principal of which were, that the preſent mode of

raiſing

raiſing men by the influence of pariſh officers was fully adequate to the object propoſed; while, with reſpect to raiſing men for general or limited ſervice, the bill intended to be repealed embraced both principles, and was ſtrictly conformable to military regulations. From the papers upon the table, it was evident, that the men who, under this bill, had enliſted for limited ſervice, afterwards cheerfully offered themſelves for general ſervice without any limitation, in the proportion of twenty to ſeventeen, and would have entered in a much larger proportion, had it been allowed by government.—It had been reported by officers of experience, that in many of the battalions entered for limited ſervice, they could have enliſted every man for general ſervice, and in one place, the whole body of 350 men enliſted at once for general ſervice, with the exception of one man, whom the officer diſſuaded, as he had eleven children.—One of the principal arguments againſt raiſing men in this way was, that it coſt double bounty. He would admit the bounty was ſomething higher for general than for limited ſervice; but if, for the difference of ſix guineas per man, men were to be enliſted for life and general ſervice, inſtead of temporary and local ſervices, the difference would not exceed 120,000l. He could not, therefore, diſcover any ſuperiority in the plan propoſed over the preſent bill, which gave the country all the advantages of enliſtment both for general or limited ſervice.

Mr. Wilberforce ſaid, the bill propoſed to be repealed was vicious and defective. In the three ridings of Yorkſhire, he found that the difficulties were either ſo great as to prevent its operation, or that no man had been returned at all. In Bath, not one man had been raiſed, out of a quota of fifty-four.

Mr. Long ſpoke againſt the repeal; and animadverted on the conduct of the ſecretary towards the volunteers.

Mr. Hawthorne ſpoke at much length in ſupport of the repeal; and entered into a variety of ſtatements to prove the inefficiency of the additional force act; the reſult of which was, that of 29,000 men to be raiſed by the pariſhes of England and Wales, only 6000 had been got, and of theſe the pariſhes had only procured 3927, which was not one-ſeventh of their proportion of the deficiencies of the reſerve and militia. In Ireland, by the operation of the preceding meaſures, 17,000 men could have been raiſed, whereas they had only enliſted 8000 through this bill, to which there were local and inſurmountable difficulties.

Mr. Mainwaring obſerved, that he had inſurmountable objections to the exiſting bill, though he thought the ſecretary ſhould have waited till he had matured his plan, before he propoſed the repeal, in order to aſcertain if it were better; he detailed the hardſhips and oppreſſion of the preſent bill, which operated chiefly upon the induſtrious tradeſman, who, in the eaſtern parts of the metropolis, had to pay 2s. 3d. and even 4s. in the pound, as a tax for procuring men, while the opulent pariſh of Mary-le-bone, only paid 4d. in the pound.

Mr. Canning adviſed the houſe to conſider whether any ſufficient reaſon had been given to induce them to depart all at once from thoſe principles which our anceſtors had cheriſhed, He contended, that if the ſelection made by ballot, and modified by the power of finding ſubſtitutes, were aboliſhed, the militia would be annihilated; while the bill which it was propoſed to repeal had produced from 16 to 18,000 men per year, a number equal to the whole amount of the caſualties of the ſervice. Hence he thought the new military plans were not called for by the preſent circumſtance. He paſſed an high eulogium on the volunteers, and objected to taking the defence of the country from the men of property to whom it was now entruſted, and giving it to an armed rabble. He concluded a ſpeech abounding in pleaſantry with obſerving, that he would not oppoſe the bill; but in order that it might be made better, he would move that it be

be read a ſecond time this day three weeks.

Meſſrs. Laſcelles, Baſtard, G. Vanſittart, R. Thornton, and Golding, ſpoke in favour of the repeal; and meſſrs. S. Stanhope, S. Bourne, C. Dundas, general Norton, and lords de Blaquiere and Stanley, ſupported it.—At length the houſe divided on the amendment—Ayes, 119; noes, 235; majority, 116.

THURSDAY, *May* 1.] A meſſage from the lords ſtated, that they had agreed to the cuſtoms and tobacco and ſnuff duty bills, without any amendment.

An addition was ordered to be made to the judges' ſalaries in Scotland, to take place from June laſt; the judge of the admiralty to have an addition of 400l. per annum, and each of the judges of the commiſſary court of Edinburgh, to the amount of 150l. per annum; the latter to receive the net ſum, free from all taxes.

SLAVE IMPORTATION BILL.

The attorney general moved the third reading of this bill; on which

Mr. Roſe obſerved, that there had been a bill which, in his opinion, tended to inflict ſo deep a wound on the commerce and manufactures of the country as the preſent. He computed that it would occaſion a diminution in our manufactured exports to the amount of between two and three millions, beſides leſſening our exports of Eaſt India commodities; and this at a time when the north of Europe was almoſt cloſed againſt us, and when meaſures were taking in north America to narrow the introduction of our manufactures into that country. Neither would this bill tend to promote the cauſe of humanity. The Americans at preſent carried it on without any reſtriction. The object of the framers of the bill, on the ſcore of humanity, would not therefore be attained; while our trade with Africa, which was exceedingly important, would receive the moſt ſerious injury.

Sir R. Peele followed on the ſame grounds; and added, that it ſeemed as if gentlemen wiſhed that all human miſery ſhould be centered in one focus, and that focus ſhould be Great Britain. The preſent was not the time for ſuch a meaſure, when ſo many of our manufacturers were unemployed. Was it reaſonable that we ſhould aſſiſt an artful and gigantic adverſary in undermining our own manufactures and commerce?

General Gaſcoigne and ſir C. Price objected to the bill; the latter added, that if it paſſed, it would deſtroy a mart for Britiſh manufactures to the amount of 2,800,000l.

Mr. Fox ſpoke in favour of the meaſure; and declared he could ſee in it none of the diſaſtrous conſequences alluded to. He added, with reſpect to the total abolition, that neither he nor the other miniſters had ever changed the ſentiments they had ſo repeatedly avowed upon it. They ſtill felt it as one involving the deareſt intereſts of humanity, and as one which, however unfortunate this adminiſtration might be in other reſpects, ſhould they be ſucceſsful in effecting it, would entail more true glory upon them, and more honour upon their country, than any other tranſaction in which they could be engaged. The queſtion being put, there were for the third reading, 35; againſt it, 13; majority, 22.—It was then paſſed.

2.] A meſſage from the lords informed the houſe, that they had agreed to the appraiſement and wine duty bills.

Lord H. Petty moved for a committee to conſider the objections which had been made to the pig iron duty bill; on which meſſrs. Roſe, Wilberforce, and lord A. Hamilton, expreſſed their determination to give every oppoſition to the bill, as it was ſo bad a meaſure that no amendment could improve it.

Mr. Wilberforce moved for certain orders iſſued to the captains of his majeſty's cruiſers, in November, 1797, to ſhow the intention of government to prevent that branch of the ſlave trade which exiſted between the merchants of this country and the Spaniſh colonies in South America.

A con-

A converſation aroſe on the ſubject of the ſlave trade, ſimilar to that of the preceding evening; in which ſir J. Newport ſupported mr. Wilberforce; and expreſſed his hope that he would perſevere till he had cruſhed a trade which was a reproach to the country. —The papers were ordered.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

To Mr. Cooke, of the Theatre Royal.

'*YOU* know, dear George I'm none of thoſe,'
Who rhyming *ſhould* prefer to proſe;
But what of that?—Strange things ſometimes
This world diſplays—why not *ſtrange* rhymes?
Indeed no man with eyes, or woman,
Will *long* maintain ſtrange rhymes uncommon:
But to my point, I'm not without,
However hard to find it out,
Why haps it, ſir, for here's the thing,
You lead theſe kingdoms in a ſtring,
Winter or ſummer, wet or dry,
Or cold or hot? Pray tell us why—
Not why you ſhone forth when you did,
But why ſo long your pow'rs lay hid,
Rich, poor, town, country, all combine
To pay their homage at your ſhrine;
The miſer, trembling to diſburſe,
Unties for you his ragged purſe,
Prefers the gall'ry, to be ſure,
But curſes not the ſhilling door.
Leaving at home their ſnarling fit,
Critics *with ſilence treat* the pit;
But not content, without their vapours,
They flouriſh in the *next day's* papers;
And, leſt diſcernment ſhould be loſt,
Appear *at length* by *Evening Poſt*.
When winter rules with high beheſt,
Your voice indignant *fires* the breaſt;
When ſummer ſuns their rage exert,
Your fictious cruelty ſtrikes cold the heart:
And *thus*, I take it, weather loſes
Its influence o'er the garden houſes:
But *where* your ſecret lies in vain
We ſeek to know with curious pain;
And, ſince I'm aſking, let me aſk,
(It will not much enlarge your taſk)
Why not, my friend, your favours deal,
With *equal* hand when ladies kneel?
Melpomene, the haughty miſs
And errant beldam as ſhe is,
Claims almoſt all, while comedy
With *half* your heart content would be.
A claim ſo modeſt, and ſo rare,
Th t I beg leave to join the fair;
And hope you'll grant it e're a month hence,
To pleaſe a woman *with* a conſcience:
If all your parts I ſhould repeat,
'Twould take a quire not a ſheet,
But that you may not ign'rance plead
Of what ſhe wants (and *me* indeed)
Have at the *booing* courtier's ſin,
And with Sir Pertinax begin.

BATHOSIUS.

On the Death of Colonel O'Kennedy, at Madras, Eaſt Indies.

WHEN valour doom'd on India's coaſt to fall,
Claims friendſhip's tribute at fair virtue's call,
What can the muſe but pour her ſoul in tears,
Heave the ſad ſigh, and mourn alas! for years!
Lament her Kennedy's too early fate,
His fame tho' full, and honours tho' complete!—
With fond remembrance, let me trace thoſe hours,
When puerile ſports endear'd the rural bow'rs;
When hand in hand, we hail'd the bluſhing morn,
Scal'd the high cliff, or pluck'd the ſcented thorn;
Dar'd the deep tide, or breathleſs ſcow'r'd the field,
Whirl'd the vaſt ball, and learn'd the hurl to wield!
Such ſports now fled, what pleaſure can be mine,
My ſoul's beſt half in duſt beneath the line!
Bright conſolation! let me weep no more!
What, tho' he moulder on a foreign ſhore!
What, tho' (his fate to Europe's climes unknown,)
His ſpirit fled beneath the burning zone!
Yet, while wing'd time's perpetual ſtream ſhall roll,
His fame ſhall bloom beneath the diſtant pole,
For ſtill he was what mothers wiſh their boy—
The throne's firm bulwark, and an empire's joy.
His was the frame that throbb'd at human woe!
His was the mind that felt each virtue's glow!
His was the brave, the lion-hearted breaſt,
And his the arm where proweſs ſtood conteſs'd!
Guarding, with life, 'till borne on ſeraph's wing,
His honour's gem, his country and his king.
'Till now, laid low and number'd with the dead,
For each he fought, he conquer'd and he bled!
And as the juſt, the gen'rous and the brave,
Shall trace his deeds, and ponder o'er his grave,
The tear ſhall ſtart the pitying ſigh ſhall riſe,
And ſoft compaſſion guſh from eaſtern eyes.
The young, the old, with conſcious pride ſhall ſay—
"While virtue's train enjoy eternal day,
"While from life's toils, the good inherit reſt,
"Be ſpotleſs Kennedy with angels bleſt."

PHILOMELUS.

On the much lamented Death of James Elliott, Eſq. of this City.

COME ſable partner, melancholy come,
From cypreſs ſhade conduct to yonder tomb;
Where lies my friend—the friend of infant ca s,
When all was new, 'and ev'ry charm could pleaſe.'

So

So late the attendant on the mournful bier,
Of one belov'd, * to faithful memory dear;
Dear to a father 'till the exhausted flame
That feeds life's lamp forsakes this shatter'd frame.
For ah! full many a wintry storm has shed,
Its baleful horrors o'er my drooping head;
Like some bare trunk its wither'd foliage torn,
I stand invested with the piercing thorn;
Shrinks from each touch, and whilst my throbbing breast,
Pants for long promis'd, tho' protracted rest;
Another message barbs another dart,
And deep transfixes in my bleeding heart.
And art thou gone? companion of my youth,
Thou bright example of unblemish'd truth!
The tenderest husband woman e'er possess'd,
As good a son as ever parent blest:
A faithful friend, 'to each fine feeling true,
'His virtues many, and his foibles few.'
Above the world its follies and parade,
He fought contentment in the private shade.
Such was the man, and O! forgive the lays,
The last sad tribute weeping friendship pays
To merit such as thine—whilst in my heart
Thou still shalt live, and ever claim thy part;
Recurring scenes shall point the path we trod,
One school, one mind, and long the same abode.
Yes! I can point to many an op'ning glade,
To many a spot beneath the verdant shade;
Where oft secluded from the vulgar throng,
We wooed fair science and the muses song;
Perused the lessons of the instructive sage,
Or turn'd delighted o'er the classic page.
But, ah! no more shall we in converse sweet,
Recount these happy scenes—no more shall meet
To take a last farewell—religion cries!
The soul's immortal! how that thought revives—
The soul's immortal! yes, my conflict's o'er,
I hope to hail thee on the blissful shore;
Where all afflictions shall for ever cease,
Nor aught disturb the wearied pilgrim's peace.

Dublin. H——G A——R.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following is a translation of a small Latin piece in the elegiac stile written by Boetius, when he was cast into prison by Theodoricus the Arian king. The date of it is the same with his book, 'de consolatione philosophiæ.' As it is rare, and a translation of it was never before offered to the public, I hope it will find a place in your entertaining magazine.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

Ballyragget, April, 1806. POETICUS.

The lines begin thus:
'*Carmina qui quondam studio florente peregi.*' &c.

ADIEU! ye days, when fortune smil'd on me,
When I in joyous strains my labours sung,
Those days, alas! again I'll never see
And my old harp to notes of sorrow's strung.

Behold with hair and tresses rent, the muse,
Whilst down her visage rolls th' elegiac tear,
Commands me now a plaintive strain to use
And weep in numbers o'er my coming bier.

N O T E.

* *The author's son.*

July, 1806.

Sweet muse! my earliest and my best of friends,
'Twas thou that trod with me life's weary way;
Not e'en the rod which tyrant pow'r extends
Could ever force thee from my path to stray.

O! thou my youthful glory and my pride,
Who cheer'd my greenest boyhood with thy praise,
To thee an old man's sorrows I confide,
And hope for consolation in thy lays.

For lo! comes on, with all it's train of woes,
Old age untimely, by misfortune driv'n
In vain I struggled its approach t'oppose
To grief full empire over man is giv'n.

Alas! my years as yet but few have been,
Tho' few my doubled frame doth downward bow;
And many a lock of hoary hue is seen
To sit in sadness o'er my furrow'd brow.

How kind is death to those whose youthful bloom
Was never blasted by its with'ring fears;
How truly blissfull is the wish'd-for tomb
Which puts a period both to woe and years.

Ah! wretched me; must I in vain implore
The hand of death to close my weeping eyes,
The ruthless tyrant pleas'd to hear the roar
Of anguish, listens, but heeds not my cries.

Whilst faithless fortune beam'd her short liv'd rays,
Not one sad hour did light upon my head:
But now that clouds of woe low'r o'er my days,
Detested life still holds me from the dead.

Friendship how vainly did'st thou boast of me;
How oft enraptur'd, did'st thou call me great,
The sad reverse of happiness now see;
Behold! how fallen in my low estate!

Latin Version of Ally Croker.

HIBERNIÆ in Provincia vixerat adolescens,
Qui curuit uxorem nam non comptos erat mens;
Amore pulchræ virginis violentissimi ardebat,
Voce tandem tremula vix balbutiebat.
Je bene amo caram Ally Crocram,
Oro miserere me caram Ally Crocram.

Hic sine arte juvenis nunc studiis revertens,
Vix amoris nomen noscerat sed imo corde innocens,
Nec stolidus nec sapiens amorges adiebat,
Voce tandem tremula vix balbutiebat.
Je bene amo caram Ally Crocram,
Oro miserere me caram Ally Crocram.

Hic juvenis jucundus compotor erat patri,
Sorori jocavit amicus erat matri;
Cum fratri sæpe luxit amicus tandem vestem,
Puella illum deserit et reliquit solum restem.
O! inconstantem levem Ally Crocram,
Superbam insolentem arrogantum Ally Crocram.

HERACLITUS.—T. C. D.

N O T E.

Although the signature T. C. D. *entitles this article to insertion, yet many parts of it would require revision.*

State of Public Affairs.

RUSSIA.

THE Ruſſian general Sicanoff has fallen a victim to the baſeſt treachery at Bacou, in Perſia. Juſt as the place was to have been ſtormed, a capitulation being demanded, and granted, the Ruſſian commandant truſted himſelf in a tent between the camp and the place, when having but few attendants, he was ſurpriſed and maſſacred by a numerous banditti.

SWEDEN.

Swediſh Head Quarters at Grieſswald, April 26.

'The reports ſent in by count Lowenhielm, of the 23d, mention that the Pruſſians took poſſeſſion of ſeveral villages in Mecklenburg, near the frontier of Lauenburg, on the 21ſt and 22d. Near Marienſtatt a corps of videttes approached within 300 paces of the Swedes. Count Lowenhielm's main body was then at Groſs Zecher and Seedorf; the Swediſh guards were in poſſeſſion of Marienſtatt, Sophienthyl, the bridge at Buchen, the Palmſchleuſe, and the landing place between Lauenburg and Artlenburg.

'Yeſterday morning lient. baron Clas Kalame arrived here as a courier, with a report from count Lowenhielm, dated Godeſbuſh, April 23, mentioning, that about nine in the morning of the ſame day, the Pruſſians had entered the Lauenburg territory, near Marienſtatt, and were ſo ſuperior in their number, that the Swediſh troops, after making a vigorous reſiſtance, were compelled to retreat, and towards the evening to quit the country. Count Lowenhielm's loſs conſiſts of one huſſar ſhot dead, eight wounded, and ſix horſes partly killed and wounded. The loſs of the Pruſſians we are not yet able to aſcertain, though during the conteſt ſeveral men were obſerved to have been ſhot. Count Lowenhielm has reſerved a more extended detail for another opportunity, and which, in reſpect to the conduct of the Pruſſians, will be very copious; theſe diſpatches may be hourly expected.

'In conſequence of this commencement of hoſtilities by his Pruſſian majeſty, the king of Sweden has ordered a general embargo to be laid upon all the Pruſſian veſſels in the ports of Sweden.

'The magiſtrates and burgers of this place, as a teſtimony of their joy for his majeſty's happy return to Pomerania, have given 200 rix-dollars to the orphan-houſe at Stralſund, and 100 to the foundling of this place, upon which his majeſty has been pleaſed to expreſs his gracious ſatisfaction.'

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

On the 18th of March, accounts were received at Gibraltar from Madrid, that in conſequence of the prince of Brazils being pronounced to be completely deranged, without any hope of recovery, the Walloon guards, and ſeveral other Spaniſh regiments, were ordered to be in readineſs to march to Liſbon.

On the 31ſt were received letters from Spain, ſtating, that a war between that country and Portugal is certain, and alſo that 50,000 French troops are on their march to Portugal.

ALGIERS.

On the 10th of March a cry of horror reſounded from every quarter of this wretched city. The firſt miniſter, the maſter of the horſe, the ſecretary of ſtate, the inſpector of the ſlaves, and four other perſons of diſtinction, have been ſtrangled, and other executions are expected.

AMERICA.

Miranda's expedition which lately ſailed from New York, where it had been fitted out, occupies, almoſt excluſively, the public attention in America. His object is generally believed to be to revolutionize South America; a project for which he is eminently qualified. The American government were not, it is aſſerted acquainted with Miranda's intentions. His ſailing is known at the Havannah, and meaſures have been taken to fruſtrate his deſigns. Colonel William Smith has been removed from office, in conſequence of his ſecret connection with Miranda.

A con-

A conſiderable ferment has been excited throughout the united ſtates of America, by the partiſans of France, and by certain renegado Engliſhmen, owing to the unhappy event of the death of an American ſeaman, by the ſhot of an Engliſh man of war, the Leander. It appears that this ſhip with ſome others, were cruiſing on the American coaſt, for the purpoſe of ſearching the American veſſels for Engliſh ſeamen, many of whom evade the king's ſervice, by ſailing under the flag of the united ſtates. Among other veſſels which they attempted to bring, to, was an American coaſter, which, not complying with the ſignals of the Engliſh ſhips, was fired at by them. The ſhot killed one of the American ſeamen, whoſe body was landed with great affectation of public grief at New York, and carried through the ſtreets as a victim of a deliberate maſſacre!—Among other means of impotent revenge, bills of indictment for murder were found againſt the Engliſh officers, by the grand jury of New York; and ſeveral of the American papers abound in violent denunciations againſt England and Engliſh intereſt, as though a ſingle man in England would be found to juſtify the Engliſh captain, if the American was faultleſs.'

To prove the danger in which a man places his character, by ſurrendering his judgment to the guidance of party ſpirit, we ſhall ſelect one from among many ſimilar appeals in the New York papers, becauſe it bears the ſignature of a ſenſible man, and a perſon of much literary merit.

Tammany Society, or Columbian Order.

BROTHERS!—The dye is caſt—the diſturbers of the world's peace have ſpilt the innocent blood of your countryman, John Pearce!

The ſtandard of the nation will be hoiſten half maſt at ſun-riſe, on the Great Wigwam.

The ſociety are requeſted to attend preciſely at nine o'clock this morning, with bucktails in their hats, and black crape edged with red on their left arms, in order to join the corporation, and the reſt of their fellow-citizens, in paying a tribute of reſpect and honor to the manes of their murdered countryman.

Brothers, on this ſolemn occaſion, you will appear with your tomahawks, your bows, or your arrows. Nevertheleſs, you will have the tomahawks well ſharpened, the arrows pointed, and your bows well ſtrung.

The enemy are on our borders.—The black belt of wampum, ſtained with American blood, is now before your eyes, in the great council chamber of the nation. Brothers, be vigilant, be prepared. (By the order of the grand ſachem.)

JAMES D. BISSETT, ſecretary.

Seaſon of bloſſoms, year of diſcovery 314th, and of the inſtitution 17th.

HOLLAND.

A change is expected to take place in the government of this degraded country. M. Schimmelpennick, the grand penſionary, has loſt his ſight, and it is ſaid the office of ſtadtholder will be revived in the perſon of Louis Bonaparte, called in French *prince* Louis.

The loſs of ſight of m. Schimmelpennick, the penſionary of Holland, and tool of the French intereſts, has furniſhed a pretext to the *ſoi diſant* emperor of France to overturn the old government, and force upon the Dutch a king in the perſon of his brother Louis. The united provinces being full of French troops, and all the ſtrong towns garriſoned by them, a ſimple edict was all that was neceſſary to create a king, and furniſh him with a kingdom.

On the 9th of June meſſrs. Verhuel and Van Styrum returned from Paris. His excellency m. Verhuel, after paying a viſit to the acting penſionary, held conferences with the ſecretaries of ſtate, and opened the ſpecial miſſion entruſted to him by his imperial highneſs prince Louis Napoleon, as king of Holland, as the reſult of ſeveral reſolutions for the organization of the government, and communicating that his majeſty the king had appointed m. Verhuel miniſter of the marine, and

m. Gogel

m. Gogel, minister of the finances, the other secretaries of state being charged to continue in their post till the king's arrival.

The same gentleman repaired in person to the assembly of their high mightinesses, where also in pursuance of his commission, he expressed his majesty's charge, and made the necessary communications; he also repaired to the council of state; after which his excellency assumed the executive power, in name and by authority of his majesty, while the pensionary, who had acted *ad interim*, resigned that post and resumed that of president of their high mightinesses.

The following is the new constitution which has been promulgated for the Dutch on this occasion:

THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

General Dispositions.

Article 1. The constitutional laws actually in force, especially the constitution of 1805, as the civil, political, and religious laws, an exercise of which is conformable to the regulations of the treaty concluded on the 24th of May of the present year, shall be preserved inviolate, with the exception of those only which shall be abolished by the present constitutional laws.

2. The administration of the Dutch colonies is regulated by particular laws, and the expences of the colonies shall be estimated as a part of the revenues of the state.

3. The public debt is guaranteed by the present laws.

4. The Dutch language shall continue to be employed exclusively in the laws, the publications, ordinances, judgments, and all public acts, without distinction.

5. There shall be no changes made in the name or the value of the current coin, unless it shall be authorised by a particular law.

6. The ancient colours of the state shall be preserved.

7. The council of state shall be composed of thirteen members. The ministers shall hold their rank, their sitting, and their votes of deliberation in the said council.

Of Religion.

1. The king and the law grant equal protection to all religions which are professed in the state. By their authority every thing necessary for the organization, the protection, and the exercise of every kind of worship is to be determined. The exercise of every kind of religion is to be confined to the interior of the churches belonging to the different communions.

2. The king shall enjoy the public exercise of his religion in his palace, and in every other place where he shall reside.

Of the King.

1. The king shall have exclusively, and without restriction, the complete exercise of the government, and all the power necessary to secure the execution of the laws, and to cause them to be respected. He has the nomination to all the charges and offices, civil and military, which, according to anterior laws were vested in the grand pensionary. He likewise enjoys the pre-eminence and the prerogatives hitherto attached to that dignity. The coin of the state shall bear his image. Justice shall be administered in his name. He has the right of granting pardon, abolition, or the mitigation of the pains pronounced by judiciary awards; nevertheless, he shall not be authorised to exercise this right, but after having heard the members of the national court in his privy council.

2. Upon the death of the king the office of guardian to the minor king shall be vested in the queen dowager; and, in case of her death, in that person who shall be nominated for the purpose by the emperor of the French.

3. The regent shall be assisted by the council of natives, the qualifications and privileges of whom shall be determined by a particular law. The regent shall not be personally responsible for the acts of his government.

The government of the colonies, and every thing relative to their internal regulation, belong exclusively to the king.

The general administration of the kingdom is confided to the immediate direction

direction of four miniſters of ſtate nominated by the king, viz. the miniſter of foreign affairs, the miniſter of war and marine, a miniſter of the finances, and a miniſter of the interior.

Of the Law.

1. The law is eſtabliſhed in Holland by the concurrence of the legiſlative body, formed of the aſſembly of their high mightineſſes, and by the king.—The legiſlative body is compoſed of 33 members, elected for five years, and nominated as follows: For the department of Holland, 17 members; Guelderland, four; Brabant, four; Frieſland, four; Overyſſel, three; Zealand, two; Groningen, two; Utrecht, two; Drenthe, one. But the number of their high mightineſſes may be augmented by a law, in caſe of aggrandizement of territory.

2. To complete the number of members authoriſed by the foregoing article, their high mightineſſes ſhall preſent to his majeſty a liſt of two candidates for each of the vacant places.—The king ſhall make the election out of the candidates propoſed.

3. The preſent grand penſionary ſhall take the title of preſident of their high mightineſſes, and exerciſe his function in his quality during life.—The choice of his ſucceſſor ſhall take place in the manner determined by the conſtitution of 1805.

4. The legiſlative body ſhall chuſe a recorder out of its own body, by a plurality of votes.

5. The legiſlative body ſhall aſſemble in ordinary twice in the year, viz. from the 15th of April to the 1ſt of June, and from the 15th of November to the 15th of January. On the 15th of November a fifth of the oldeſt members ſhall go out from the body. The firſt member ſhall go out on the 15th of November, 1807. Such members, notwithſtanding, may be re-elected.

Of Judiciary Power.

1. The judiciary inſtitutions ſhall be preſerved in the mode they have been eſtabliſhed by the conſtitution of 1805.

2. Relative to the judiciary power, the king ſhall exerciſe all the rights and all the authority veſted in the grand penſionary by virtue of the conſtitution of 1805.

3. Every thing that relates to the exerciſe of military criminal juſtice ſhall be ſeparately regulated by an ulterior law.

A letter from the Hague of the 18th of June, contains the particulars of the entry of king Louis upon his new government. It does not appear that the people took any part in the ceremonies, though the parade of the military and of the conſtituted authorities was calculated to excite their aſſemblage.

FRANCE.

Beſides creating his brother Louis king of Holland, Napoleon has diſpoſed of two of the imperial fiefs, which he reſerved in the kingdom of Naples. M. Talleyrand, miniſter of foreign affairs, is created prince and duke of Benevento; and marſhal Bernadotte, prince and duke of Ponte-Corvo, with remainder to their iſſue male.—Cardinal Feſch, the uncle of Bonaparte, is to be coadjutor of the arch-chancellor of the empire, and his ſucceſſor as elector of the German empire.

WEST INDIES.

On Saturday, the 14th, the gazette furniſhes an account of an intrepid action fought in the Weſt Indies, between the Pique frigate and two French corvettes, one of which was carried by boarding, with the loſs of ſeveral brave men on our part. The other alſo was captured. Captain Roſs, of the Pique frigate, ſays, 'I fell in with two men of war brigs, ſtanding on for the land: at one P. M. March 26, being within long range, I commenced firing to prevent their getting on with the ſhore, and from ſuperior ſailing cloſed with them at two, when a moſt deſtructive fire continued for about twenty minutes, but a flaw of wind favouring us, the helm was put down, which placed us immediately acroſs the hawſe of the commodore; ſhe was directly boarded by lieutenants Ward and Baker, and mr. Thompſon, and every inch of her decks moſt obſtinately defended; the ſlaughter on both ſides was dreadful, and it is with real concern I ſtate the

loſs

loſs of mr. John Thompſon, the maſter, who was killed, with eight ſeamen; and lieutenants Ward and Baker, with twelve ſeamen and marines, wounded; the conteſt was very ſevere, but in five minutes the colours were hauled down. The other ſtruck after a few broadſides more, and we took poſſeſſion of the Phæton and Voltaguer, of 16 guns and 120 men each, French brigs of war, beautiful veſſels, and only nine months old. It was impoſſible for two veſſels to be more obſtinately defended, every thing being cut to pieces, and nearly half their crews killed or wounded.

EAST INDIES.

Diſpatches have been received at the India houſe, containing copies of treaties of peace between the Engliſh government in India, and Dowlat Row Scindiah, and Jeſwunt Rao Holkar.—The former was ſigned on the 22d of November laſt, and the latter on the 24th of December, and both are highly advantageous to the Britiſh intereſts in that part of the world. Holkar is in fact, placed in a ſtate of dependance on on the Engliſh government.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The following ſtate paper contains ſo able and correct an expoſition of the ſituation and views of ſeveral leading powers in Europe, that it ſuperſedes the neceſſity of giving place to authenticated details, and newſpaper ſpeculations.

Declaration of the Elector of Hanover againſt Pruſſia.

'The court of Pruſſia has avowed thoſe hoſtile deſigns, which ſhe thought to conceal by her friendly profeſſions.

The *note verbale*, delivered on the 4th of April, by the Pruſſian envoy, Baron Jacobi Kloeſt, to the Britiſh miniſtry, announces that the electorate of Hanover has been taken poſſeſſion of, and that the ports of the German ſea, and of Lubeck, have been cloſed againſt the Britiſh flag.

This declaration gives the lie to all thoſe aſſurances by which the cabinet of Berlin has hitherto endeavoured to cloak its proceedings: to which it moreover adds the pretenſion that his Pruſſian majeſty has acquired, by his ſyſtem of policy, claims to the gratitude of *all* the northern powers.

Thus actually diſpoſſeſſed of the ancient inheritence of my family, and inſulted in my rights as a ſovereign, I have ordered thoſe meaſures to be taken which the honour of my crown requires: but I ſtill owe it to myſelf, to Europe, and to my ſubjects, to make a public declaration of my ſentiments, as elector of Brunſwick-Lunenburgh, upon the unjuſt uſurpation of my German poſſeſſions.

It is not neceſſary to prove how contrary this act is to the rights of nations, or to the laws of the German empire. Their inſtruction is too evident to be required to be proved. It is the moſt ſacred principles of good faith, of honour, and in fact of all the obligations upon which the reciprocal ſafety of different ſtates among themſelves, and of each civil ſociety in itſelf, repoſe, which are trodden under foot in ſuch a manner, that the world would have difficulty in believing it, if I did not cauſe the facts to be laid before them, which are authenticated in the narrative which I have ordered to be prepared.

The proceedings of the court of Berlin, when the electorate was occupied by its troops in 1801—its conduct far from being friendly during the negotiation for the indemnities which followed the peace of Luneville—the declaration which it made when France prepared to invade the electorate—and, laſtly, the burthenſome conditions under which it endeavoured to cauſe it to be evacuated, to ſubſtitute her own troops, inſtead of thoſe of France, had given too many proofs to the government of Hanover, not to oblige it to endeavour to avoid all ſort of intervention on the part of this power, even at the moment that it was on the point of engaging in a diſpute with France.—The events which retarded the arrival in Hanover of the expedition, concerted between Great Britain, Ruſſia, and Sweden, gave the Pruſſian troops an opportunity of anticipating them, after the

the French army had been obliged to evacuate the electorate.

This ſtep was accompanied by the moſt friendly proteſtations on the part of Pruſſia. She invited the Hanoverian government to reſume its functions in my name, and to collect the wreck of the army.

The country, already ſo unfortunate, doubly felt the weight of the numerous requiſites extorted by the Ruſſian corps, without the leaſt regard to the ſituation in which the French left it.

After the unfortunate reſult of the campaign of the allies in the ſouth of the empire, an attack in the north was to be expected. His imperial majeſty of Ruſſia, to obviate the dangers to which Pruſſia might be expoſed, placed, in conſequence of the convention of Potzdam, his troops under count de Tolſtoy; and the corps of general Benningſen under the orders of his Pruſſian majeſty, and promiſed him moreover all the aſſiſtance for which he might have occaſion. It was ſcarcely to be expected that Pruſſia would avail herſelf of this advantage, and of that which the promiſe of the ſubſidy ſhe had aſked of Great Britain gave her, to obtain from France terms contrary to the intereſts which theſe reſources were intended to protect. This, notwithſtanding, has actually happened. The ſecret treaty, the effects of which are beginning to appear, were ſigned by count Haugwitz and the French general Duroc the 15th of December, 1805, the period fixed as the term when Pruſſia was to declare againſt France, in caſe that power ſhould have rejected the propoſitions which count Haugwitz was to make to her, in conſequence of the convention of Potzdam.

Seven days after, December 22, the cabinet of Berlin propoſed to the Britiſh ambaſſador the arrangements to be taken in common with the Pruſſian generals, for the poſitions of the allied armies in Lower Saxony; and diſpatched in conſequence, lieutenant colonel baron de Kruſemark, with a letter to the Hanoverian government, to induce it to furniſh proviſions for the French garriſon at Hameln.

It was neceſſary to concur with this arrangement (which was only proviſionally terminated the 4th of January) becauſe it was to prevent the French from undertaking any thing againſt Hanover during the negotiation.

Was the court of Berlin then ignorant in what manner count Haugwitz had concluded this negociation? Did it know, before the ſignature of the treaty, what would be the end of it? Or, did the miniſter diſpoſe, as he pleaſed, of the good faith of his maſter?

It was on the 27th of January, that the cabinet of Berlin announced to the Hanoverian government—'that in conſequence of a treaty ſigned and ratified by the two parties, my German poſſeſſions will no longer be occupied by the French troops; that they would be entirely evacuated by thoſe who were ſtill there, and delivered up, until a future peace between England and France ſhould have decided their condition, to the protection of the troops of his Pruſſian majeſty, and to his excluſive adminiſtration.' The Hanoverian government was required, but to no purpoſe, to intimate to all the public officers, that they were, for the future, to conſider themſelves as finally reſponſible to the Pruſſian commiſſion of adminiſtration, excluding all foreign reference.

The diſpatch addreſſed the 25th of January to the Pruſſian miniſter, and intended to juſtify this proceeding, was ſigned with the king of Pruſſia's own hand. It ended with theſe words, 'I think it unneceſſary to obſerve how much the territories in queſtion ought to be ſatisfied with this change of ſcene; and my wiſhes would be fulfilled, if, in conſequence of the diſintereſted views by which I am impelled, the adminiſtration I have taken upon me ſhould turn out to the happineſs of the country and its inhabitants, and by that means ſatisfactory to his Britannic majeſty, to whom I deſire nothing more than to give, in this inſtance, as

in

in all others, all the proofs of conſideration, of deference, and of friendſhip, which circumſtances may put in my power.'

The experience of the paſt, and a well founded apprehenſion of the future, did not allow me to heſitate about the part neceſſary to be taken; and my electoral government was inſtructed not to enter into any negociation, the object of which might have been to avoid a new French invaſion, by allowing the Pruſſians to occupy Hanover.

The proteſt made upon this occaſion by my electoral miniſter of ſtate was ineffectual. The king of Pruſſia cauſed the greateſt part of the country to be occupied at the moment that my troops re-embarked; and his meaſures were executed without the leaſt regard.

It was too eaſy to foreſee that count Haugwitz would find means at Paris to bring back the arrangement between Pruſſia and France, announced here as ratified by the contracting parties, to its original intention.

This was what took place; and the French troops took poſſeſſion of Anſpach, one of the objects of compenſation, according to the treaty of December 15, the very day that the marquis de Lucchefini could reach Berlin with intelligence that France required the execution of the articles agreed upon at Vienna.

The anſwer returned by the Britiſh cabinet to the communication of January 25, did not arrive at Berlin until after the miniſter of ſtate, baron Hardenberg, had announced to the Britiſh envoy the hoſtile meaſures which have compelled me to ſuſpend my relations with a court which could ſo far forget itſelf.

The Pruſſian note of April 4, can furniſh no good arguments to eſtabliſh an unjuſtifiable meaſure.

It begins by vaunting the pacific diſpoſitions of Pruſſia. This diſpoſition is no further ſincere than as it has for its foundation the principles of a juſt neutrality. The note delivered by the cabinet of Berlin to the French miniſter on the 14th of October, at the very inſtant that Pruſſia appeared to feel the affront which he received by the violation of the territory of Anſpach, acknowledges that the conduct which ſhe had followed to that time had proved of advantage to France.

Her actions had much leſs pretenſions to the character of impartiality. After having permitted the French troops who ſeized on the electorate of Hanover a paſſage through the Pruſſian territory, ſhe declared herſelf ready to oppoſe, ſword in hand, that which the emperor of Ruſſia had demanded for his armies.

France herſelf forced the paſſage; ſhe pretended to offer excuſes for that ſtep, but it was in a manner equally offenſive.

She had ſeen too clearly where the reſentment of Pruſſia would terminate, which in fact appeared to be ſtifled when his imperial majeſty of Ruſſia engaged in a perſonal communication with the king.

Pruſſia then demanded ſubſidies of Great Britain, which were promiſed to her, and ſhe ſigned the convention of Potzdam, the conditions of which ſhe would, doubtleſs, have been more diſpoſed to fulfill, if I could have ſo far forgotten my duty, as to conſent to the propoſition of ceding the electorate of Hanover for ſome Pruſſian province.

Pruſſia affirms, that from the events of the war, ſhe has not had the choice of means to ſecure the ſafety of its monarchy, and of the ſtates of the north. She wiſhes to make it appear, that ſhe has been compelled to agrandize herſelf, and to become the inſtrument, rather than the object of the vengeance of my enemies.

Such an avowal does not become a great power. All Europe knows that it depended on Pruſſia, before the battle of Auſterlitz, to give repoſe to Europe, if ſhe had taken the part which her real intereſts, and the outraged honour of her monarchy, dictated to her. She can no longer be excuſed, after having miſſed ſuch an opportunity; and even ſince the event of the 2d of December, did ſhe not command an army of 250,000 men, who ſtill remembered the

the victories it obtained under the great Frederick, which was in the beſt diſpoſitions, and ſupported by the whole Ruſſian army, two corps of which were actually under the command of the king of Pruſſia?

She would, without doubt, be ſubject to certain riſks; but ſhe found herſelf in a ſituation when every danger muſt be encountered to ſave the honour of the ſtate. The prince who heſitates in making a choice, deſtroys the principle which ſerves as the baſis of a military monarchy; and Pruſſia ought already to begin to feel the ſacrifice ſhe has made of her independence.

The note of April 4, affirms, 'that France had conſidered the electorate as its conqueſt, and that its troops had been on the point of re-entering it, to make a definitive diſpoſal of it.'

The electorate of Hanover, as an integral part of the Germanic empire, is not concerned in the war between Great Britain and France: nevertheleſs, it has been unjuſtly invaded by that power, which has, notwithſtanding, frequently indicated the object for which ſhe was diſpoſed to reſtore it.

France was at length compelled to abandon the country, and forty thouſand of my troops, and thoſe of my allies, were eſtabliſhed there, when the count de Haugwitz ſigned a treaty which diſpoſes of my ſtates. It is true, that the Ruſſian corps was then at the diſpoſal of his Pruſſian majeſty; but its chief, with the genuine ſpirit of an honourable man, was not the leſs determined to fight, if the allies of his maſter were attacked: we ſhall not ſpeak of the French garriſon which remained at Hameln, inſufficient in point of number, deprived of the means of defence, and on the point of being beſieged, when the promiſes of Pruſſia cauſed the plan to be abandoned.

The intention of France to diſpoſe definitively of the electorate, would have been contrary to the aſſertions ſhe has ſo often made. It would, moreover, have been contrary to the uſage of war, ſince even a conqueſt is not definitively diſpoſed of before a peace: and particularly at a moment when a wiſh might exiſt to manifeſt a pacific diſpoſition.

Pruſſia had no right to judge if Great Britain had the means of oppoſing the return of my enemies to the electorate. Her power furniſhes her with the means of bringing the war to an honourable end, for the intereſt ſhe defends; but it is difficult to conceive in what light Pruſſia pretends that her meaſures removed troops that are ſtrangers to the electorate, and enſure the repoſe of the north. Her troops, in conſequence of the treacherous conduct of her cabinet, will remain as much ſtrangers to the electorate as the French troops.

Pruſſia ſhould not ſpeak of her ſacrifices at the moment when her only aim is to aggrandize herſelf, unleſs ſhe feels the loſs of her independence to be ſuch, and how much ſhe has departed from her duty, in abandoning one of the oldeſt poſſeſſions of her houſe, and of ſubjects who implored, in vain, her aſſiſtance. Beſides, her ſacrifices have no connection with my ſyſtem of policy, and confer no right on her to uſurp the government of my German ſubjects, whoſe fidelity nothing has hitherto ſhaken, and which they will retain towards my perſon, and a family of princes who for many ages have only fought their happineſs.

It is evident that the conduct of the court of Berlin is not the free expreſſion of the will of its ſovereign, but the conſequence of the influence exerciſed by my enemies in the cabinet of that prince. All the courts, and all the ſtates, however, who can judge of circumſtances, and all that they owe to the ſyſtem adopted by the court of Berlin, will agree that the act committed againſt a ſovereign united to his Pruſſian majeſty by the ties of blood, and until now by thoſe of friendſhip, places the ſafety of Europe in greater danger than any act of hoſtility on the part of a power with which one might be at open war.

Convinced of the juſtice of my cauſe, I make my appeal to all the powers of Europe, who are intereſted in reſiſting the conſolidation of a ſyſtem, which,

by threatening the political exiſtence of an integral part of the German empire, brings into queſtion the ſecurity of the whole. I demand, moſt earneſtly, the conſtitutional aid which is due to me as elector, from the empire, its auguſt head, as well as Ruſſia and Sweden, the powers who have guaranteed its conſtitution, and who have already manifeſted, and ſtill continue to manifeſt, the moſt honourable diſpoſition for the preſervation of my ſtates.

Laſtly, I proteſt in the moſt ſolemn manner, for myſelf, and my heirs, againſt every encroachment on the rights of my electorate of Brunſwick-Lunenbourg, and its dependencies; and I repeat, in quality of elector, the declaration made by the miniſter of my crown at the court of Berlin, that no advantage, ariſing from political arrangements, much leſs any offer whatever of an indemnity, or equivalent, ſhall ever engage me to forget what I owe to my dignity, the attachment, and exemplary fidelity of my Hanoverian ſubjects, ſo as to yield my conſent to the alienation of my electorate.

Given at the palace of Windſor, the 20th day of April, 1806, in the 46th year of my reign.

E. count de Munſter.

GEORGE R.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, MAY 6.

Letter from Sir John Borlaſe Warren, Bart. and K. B. &c. &c. to William Marſden, Eſq.

Foudroyant, at ſea, March 14.

SIR,—I requeſt you will communicate to their lordſhips, that, at half paſt three A. M. on the 13th of March, his majeſty's ſhip the London, which I had ſtationed to windward of the ſquadron, having wore, and made the ſignal for ſome ſtrange ſails, I directed the ſquadron to wear likewiſe on the larboard tack, the wind being at W. S. W. and, as day light appeared, made the ſignal for a general chace: ſoon afterwards the London was obſerved in action with a large ſhip and a frigate, and continued ſupporting a running fire with thoſe ſhips, which were endeavouring to eſcape, until half paſt ſeven, when the Amazon, being the advanced ſhip, purſued alſo and engaged the frigate, which was attempting to bear away. The remainder of the ſquadron approaching faſt upon the enemy, (and the action having continued from before day-light until 43 minutes after nine, A. M.) the line of battle ſhip, bearing the flag of a rear-admiral, ſtruck; and, at fifty-three minutes paſt the above hour, the frigate alſo followed her example, when an officer came on board the Foudroyant with admiral Linois's ſword, and informed me that the ſhips which had ſurrendered to his majeſty's colours were the Marengo, of 80 guns, 740 men, and the Belle Poule, of 40 guns, eighteen pounders, and 320 men, returning to France from the Eaſt Indies, theſe ſhips being the remainder of the French ſquadron which had committed ſo much depredation upon the Britiſh commerce in the eaſtern world.

I have much ſatisfaction in ſtating the meritorious and gallant conduct of captains ſir Harry Neale and William Parker, ſupported by the zeal and bravery of the officers and crews of their reſpective ſhips, who claim my thanks and acknowledgments; and whoſe exertions, I hope, will recommend them to their lordſhips' particular notice and favour.

I cannot, however, avoid regretting that the force of the enemy did not afford to the officers and men of the other ſhips of the ſquadron, who ſhewed the moſt earneſt deſire to have cloſed with the enemy, an opportunity of diſplaying that valour and attachment to their king and country, which, I am confident, they will be happy to evince upon ſome future and more favourable occaſion.

I have encloſed a liſt of the killed and wounded on board his majeſty's ſhips, as well as their defects; and have likewiſe forwarded a particular ſtatement of the ſhips captured, together with an account of the loſs ſuſtained by the enemy, being the moſt correct that could be aſcertained from the roile d'equipage. Rear-admiral Linois is among the wounded, as well as ſeve-

ral

ral other officers. I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) JOHN BORLASE WARREN.

Foudroyant, at sea, March 13, 1806.

A return of the killed and wounded on board his majesty ships London and Amazon, at the capture of the Marengo and Belle Poule, on the 13th March, 1806.

Killed on board his majesty's ship London.—Mr. William Rooke, midshipman; James Murphy, Henry Van Fleylen, John Lay, James Slyde, seamen; William Bryan, boy; John Moore, landsman; William Griffith, William Jummers, Thomas Toole, private marines.

Dangerously wounded.—Patrick Fitzpatrick, quarter-gunner; John Dulforce, able seaman; Francis Costello, John Burges, Francis Sutton, William Brazil, ordinary seamen; John O'Brien, William Brown (1), Thomas Waterson, Jos. Skelton, landsmen; William Roberts (2), Richard Hodges, Jonathan Harcombe, John Shepherd, Bryan Rilley, privates, royal marines.

Slightly wounded. — Richard Poole, Thomas Cox, William Bruce, privates, royal marines.

Officers wounded.—Mr. William Faddy, lieutenant, dangerously; mr. J.W. Watson, midshipman, slightly.

(Signed) H NEALE.

Killed on board his majesty's ship Amazon.—Mr. Richard Seymour, first lieutenant; mr. Edward Prior, second lieutenant, royal marines; William Cundy, able seaman; George Royal, private marine.

Wounded.—George Marcus, quartermaster, severely; William Lane, ordinary seaman, severely; John Fox, ship's corporal, slightly; Richard Brown and Jonathan Curtis, able seamen, slightly; Horter Leander, ordinary seaman, slightly.

(Signed) W. PARKER.

Foudroyant, at sea, March 14.

A List of Ships belonging to the French Government, captured on the 13th of March, 1806.

Marengo, 80 guns, 740 men, rear-admiral Linois, Vrignaud, first captain; Chasseriau, second captain. — Belle Poule, 40 guns, eighteen pounders, 320 men, Bruillac, captain.

(Signed) J. B. WARREN.

Foudroyant, at sea, March 13.

A Return of the Killed and Wounded on board the Marengo and Belle Poule, in the Action on the 13th of March, 1806.

Marengo and Belle Poule—Sixty-five killed, and eighty wounded.

(Signed) J. B. WARREN.

On the 20th of April the trial of lord Melville commenced in a very splendid manner in Westminster-hall; and was concluded on the 17th of May.

On the 23d, on the motion of the secretary at war, it was voted in the house of commons with only one dissenting voice, that 'the thanks of this house be given to those members who were appointed managers of the impeachment of lord viscount Melville, for their faithful management of the trust reposed in them.' On which the speaker rose, and addressed the managers to the following effect:—

'*Gentlemen,*

'This house has, upon the result of a great and important inquiry respecting the administration of the expenditure of the public money, come to a resolution to enter upon the most grave and solemn of all its functions, and resort to its prerogative of impeachment against Henry lord viscount Melville.—It is the power of impeachment which has enabled the commons of this country, at all times, to check the misdeeds of the highest servants of the crown, and to prevent or punish, all inroads which may be made upon the liberty of the subjects of this realm. In the prosecution of this impeachment, the house has appointed you to prepare and arrange the proofs of the complicated transactions on which their charges were grounded. Their charges were against a noble person, whose rank and high consideration in the state must hold him forth as a signal example either of good or of evil to all persons who may be entrusted with the care of the public expenditure. Throughout the progress of the trial, they have witnessed with peculiar satisfaction, your great

attention

attention and diſpatch, which have reſcued the trial by impeachment from the diſgrace to which it had fallen, and reſtored it to its former ſtrength and honour. They have witneſſed in you an unwearied diligence in the diſcharge of the truſt committed to you, a ſingular ſagacity in diſcovering the proofs, a boldneſs which ſo properly belongs to the commons of the united kingdom: a ſtrength of argument, and a power of eloquence, which threw the light of day upon dark, ſecret, and criminal tranſactions. The final iſſue of this trial now remains for another body. It is before one of the higheſt of human tribunals; it is the houſe of lords which is to determine ultimately for the condemnation or acquittal of the perſon accuſed. Be the final iſſue what it may, you have done your duty.—You have ſatisfied the expectations that the houſe had formed of you, and you have deſerved their approbation and their thanks. I am ordered by the houſe to communicate to you the approbation and thanks of the houſe for the faithful management of the truſt repoſed in you.'

On Tueſday, the 11th of June, mr. Fox, with a ſteady adherence to thoſe principles which he has always avowed, had the glory to carry a reſolution in the houſe of commons, which goes to the entire abolition of the AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE—that opprobrium on chriſtians in general, and on Engliſhmen in particular. The following were the terms of this motion, ſo intereſting to the cauſe of ſuffering humanity:

'That this houſe, conceiving the African ſlave trade to be contrary to the principles of juſtice, humanity, and ſound policy, will, with all practical expedition, take effectual meaſures for aboliſhing the ſaid trade, in ſuch manner, and at ſuch period, as may be deemed moſt deſirable.'

As uſual, it was oppoſed by the members for Liverpool, and by a few others intereſted in the traffic; but it was ſupported by mr. Wilberforce, and all the members of adminiſtration, and carried by 115 againſt 15.

In the courſe of the debate the ſolicitor general ſtated from the documents before the houſe, that ſince the year 1792, upwards of THREE MILLIONS and a HALF of the natives of Africa had been torn from their country by Europeans, and had either miſerably periſhed on the paſſage, or had been ſold in the Weſt-Indies!!!—How can an age which has tolerated ſo infamous a traffic be called enlightened? The crimes thus perpetrated chiefly by our own countrymen, equal, in horror and enormity, thoſe of the French revolution, and are a ſtain on our national character equally diſgraceful. Thanks to the upright character of the preſent adminiſtration, they have determined to remove this foul imputation from the country, even though their majorities ſhould count a few leſs in the houſes of parliament. They will however live in the hearts of the people, and will receive the zealous ſupport of all men who reverence the principles of truth, philoſophy, and religion.

Mr. Wilberforce, after this important reſolution had been carried, moved an addreſs to his majeſty, requeſting him to co-operate with foreign powers in the neceſſary means for totally aboliſhing the trade.

The attention paid to the wiſhes of the people, by the adminiſtration, in changing the taxes ſo often, in conſequence of objections made to them, has excited ſurpriſe in the minds of thoſe who have been accuſtomed to bow their necks to the will of the late vizier. It is actually forgotten by many perſons that this is a free country, and that till the deſpotiſm of Pitt, whoſe haughty temper fitted him only for the office of vizier at Conſtantinople, that is till he had the hardihood to deſpiſe the public voice, the public voice governed all the meaſures of adminiſtration. This indeed is the feature which diſtinguiſhes, and ought ever to diſtinguiſh, Great Britain from Turkey.

The trial of lord Melville was terminated by the judgment of the houſe of peers on Thurſday, June the 12th. At

At twelve o'clock, they went in procession to Weſtminſter-hall, and the high court was opened with the accuſtomed ceremonies. The gallery allotted for the peereſſes was crowded, and the hall was previouſly filled by ſpectators to an overflow in every part. The lord chancellor having taken his ſeat at the table, put the following queſtion to the junior baron:—'Charles, lord Granard, how ſay you, is Henry lord viſcount Melville guilty or not guilty of the firſt article or charge exhibited againſt him by the commons of the united kingdom?' Upon which lord Granard roſe and laying his right hand upon his breaſt, exclaimed, 'Not guilty, upon my honour.' The ſame queſtion was put to the remainder aſſembled, according to their reſpective ranks; and after the queſtion had been repeated by the chancellor upwards of 1300 times, the guilties and not guilties ſtood as follows:

On the firſt article charging lord Melville with applying 10,000l. of the public money to his own uſe, previous to January, 1786:—

Not Guilty 120—Guilty 15—105 Majority.

On the ſecond article, charging him with permitting Alexander Trotter to apply ſums of the public money to his own uſe, and conniving at ſuch fraudulent application:

Not Guilty 79—Guilty 57—22

On the third article, charging him with permitting Alexander Trotter to draw the public money from the bank, and place it in the hands of his bankers, meſſrs. Coutts and co. in his own name, and at his own diſpoſal:—

Not Guilty 84—Guilty 53—31

On the fourth article, charging him with ſimilar connivance, in reſpect of the public money placed by the ſaid Trotter, in the hands of Mark Sprot, for the purpoſe of private emolument:—

Not Guilty unanimouſly.

On the fifth article, charging him the ſame as in the firſt article, only laying the act ſubſequent to January, 1786:—

Not Guilty 131—Guilty 4—127

On the ſixth article, charging him with receiving public money from Alexander Trotter, and applying it to his own uſe, and in participating with the ſaid Trotter in the profit made of the public money:

Not Guilty 86—Guilty 47—39

On the ſeventh article, charging him with receiving 22,000l. of the public money without intereſt, from Alexander Trotter:

Not Guilty 82—Guilty 51—31

On the eighth article, charging him with receiving from Alexander Trotter, 22,000l. of the public money, for which the defendant was to pay intereſt:

Not Guilty 100—Guilty 30—70

On the ninth article, charging that while the ſaid Alexander Trotter tranſacted the buſineſs of the defendant as his agent, he, the ſaid Trotter, was from time to time in advance to the ſaid viſcount Melville, in that reſpect, to the amount of from 10,000l. to 20,000l. which ſums were partly taken from the public money, and partly from a mixed fund of public and private money:—

Not Guilty 119—Guilty 16—103

On the tenth and laſt article, charging him with taking, at divers times, between 1782 and 1784, and between 1784 and 1786, 27,000l. of the public money, and converting the ſame to his private uſe:—

Not Guilty 123—Guilty 12—111

After this a pauſe of near an hour took place; during which the guilties and not guilties were correctly enumerated.

The lord chancellor then roſe, and addreſſed lord Melville to the following effect:—Henry lord viſcount Melville, the hon. the commons of the united kingdom having charged you with crimes and miſdemeanors, you have been tried by your peers and *acquitted*; you are therefore diſmiſſed.

The peers then returned to the houſe of lords, and the court was finally diſſolved.

The following is a liſt of the peers as they voted:—

GUILTY.

GUILTY.

Lord Chancellor, 2, 3, 6, 7
Dukes—York, 3
Clarence, 1, 2 3, 6, 7, 8, 10
Kent, 2, 3, 6, 7
Suffex, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10
Glouceſter, 1, 3, 6, 7, 9
Lord Preſident, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
Lord Privy Seal, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8
Dukes—Norfolk, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8
Somerſet, 2, 3
St. Albans, 2, 3, 6, 7
Marquis—Winchelſea, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9
Headfort, 2, 3, 6, 7
Earls—Derby, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9
Suffolk, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9
Winchelſea, 2, 3
Carliſle, 2, 3, 7
Oxford, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
Cowper, 2, 6, 7, 8
Stanhope, 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10
Buckinghamſhire, 2
Egremont, 2,
Radnor, 2, 3, 6
Mansfield, 2, 3, 6, 7
Groſvenor, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
Forteſcue, 2
Caernarvon, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8
Earls—Bredalbane, 2, 3, 6, 7
Stair, 2, 3, 6
Enniſkillen, 7
Donoughmore, 2, 3, 6, 7
Roſslyn, 2, 3, 6, 7
Charleville, 7.
Viſcount Hereford, 2, 3, 6, 7
Biſhop St. Aſaph, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9
Barons—Clifford, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
St. John, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10
Clifton, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7
King, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9
Ponſonby, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9
Grantham, 1
Dynevor, 7
Holland, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10
Grantley, 2, 3, 6, 7
Rawdon, 2, 3, 6, 7
Bulkeley, 6, 7
Somers, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8
Fife, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8
Grimſton, 2, 3, 6, 7
Gage, 2, 3, 7
Auckland, 2, 3, 6, 7
Oſſory, 2
Dundas, 2, 3, 6, 7
Yarborough, 2, 3, 6, 7
Dawnay, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
Dunſtanville, 2, 3, 6, 7
Minto, 2, 3, 6, 7
Lilford, 2, 3,
Carysfort, 2, 3, 6, 7
Ellenborough, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8
Lauderdale, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10
Crewe, 2, 3, 6, 7

NOT GUILTY UPON ALL THE CHARGES.

Dukes—Cumberland
Cambridge
Beaufort
Rutland
Marquis—Saliſbury
Abercorn
Cornwallis
Hertford
Earls—Aylesford, (Lord Steward)
Dartmouth, Lord Chamberlain)
Bridgewater
Weſtmoreland
Eſſex
Doncaſter, (Buccleugh)
Briſtol
Macclesfield
Graham, (Montroſe)
Hardwicke
Chatham
Bathurſt
Uxbridge
Camden
Strange, (Athol)
Mount Edgecumbe
Digby
Onſlow
Chicheſter
Powis
Strathmore
Rothes
Aboyne
Balcarras—went away after the 1ſt charge
Glaſgow
Weſtmeath
Longford
Lucan
Limerick
Caledon
Viſcounts—Wentworth
Hampden
Lowther
Biſhops—Bath and Wells, Chicheſter
Barons—Spencer (Blandford)
Hay
Boſton
Irby
Cathcart
Elliot
Borringdon
Berwick
Montague
Hawkeſbur
Kenyon
Braybrook
Amherſt
Douglas
Douglas (Morton)
Mulgrave
Bradford
Stuart, (Moray)
Harewood
Rolle
Carrington
Bayning
Bolton
Northwick
Eldon
St. Helen's
Thomond
Arden
Sheffield
Aſbournham

Shocking Murder in England.

Some ſhort time ago, as two perſons of the city of Worceſter, were

were walking near Oddingley, they heard the report of a gun at a ſmall diſtance; but ſuppoſing that ſome perſon was ſhooting at a hare or ſome other game, they took no notice of it, until a few minutes after, they heard a cry of 'murder!' Alarmed at this, they proceeded towards the ſpot, and one of them, who outrun the other, ſaw a man near the hedge, with a bag in his hand; on coming up to him, he aſked him what he had been about? At this queſtion the man turned pale, dropped the bag, in which was a broken piece of a gun, and ran off. At this moment the perſon ſeen ſomething on fire on the ground, and going to the ſpot, diſcovered that it was ſome perſon who had been ſhot, and the clothes ſet on fire, as he ſuppoſed by the wadding of the gun. By this time his companion who was behind came up, and on hearing what had paſſed, ran to the neareſt houſe for aſſiſtance, while the other purſued the ſuſpected murderer, and coming very cloſe to him, the man turned round with his back to a hedge, and putting his hand into his pocket, as if feeling for a piſtol, threatened to ſhoot his purſuer if he came near him: intimidated by his threats, the perſon proceeded no farther, and in the mean time the murderer puſhed himſelf through the hedge, ran off, and eſcaped immediate purſuit. The unfortunate perſon who was murdered, proves to be the rev. mr. Parkee, of Oddingley, in this county. It appears that when the man ſhot him he did not quite effect his murder, and in order to complete his horrid purpoſe he beat him about the head with the butt-end of the gun in ſo violent a manner, that he broke it, and in his terror put only one of the pieces in his bag. He is deſcribed as wearing a blue coat, and the fore part of his head bald.

Univerſity of Edinburgh.—On Tueſday the ſenatus academicus of the univerſity conferred the degree of doctor of medicine on five gentlemen of Scotland, four from England, two from America, and the following gentlemen from Ireland, after having gone through the appointed examinations, and publicly defended their reſpective inaugural diſſertations:

George Clarke,	De Vermibus Inteſtinorum.
John Morriſon,	De Catameniis.
James Brown,	De Febre Puerperarum.
Mathew Quinlan,	De Calculis Veſicæ Urinaria.
Sam. Ferguſon,	De Siphylide.
Thos. Hancock,	De Morbis Epidemicæ.
Richard Hanly,	De Noſtalga.
Luke Burne,	De Anaſarca.

A friend, on whoſe authority we can rely, aſſures us of the truth of the following curious anecdote, characteriſtic of a Britiſh tar:—'One day, when I was on board the Kent, admiral lord Keith, at Malta, captain Searle, and ſome of the officers, pointed out to me a man, one of the crew, and told me the following anecdote of him: Before an engagement, I forget which, but I believe when he followed the enemy to Rio Janeiro, and the Cape of Good Hope, the admiral, as uſual, knelt down on the quarter-deck, and lifting up his hat before his face, ſaid a ſhort prayer. The ſailor ſeeing his admiral pray, knelt down and prayed alſo: He began in the hearing of thoſe near—'O Lord God aſſiſt us, and give us the victory!—O no, don't do that—it is not right—but ſtand by and ſee fair play, and we'll give them a damn'd good drubbing, or ſend us all to ——— and be damn'd to us.'

DUBLIN, *July* 5.

By the new ſtamp act there is an additional duty on the admiſſion of an attorney in each court of 20l. which is to take place from this day.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. William Bernard, of Bridge-ſtreet, to miſs Lacy, of Caſtle-ſtreet.—At Belfaſt, mr. C. Graham, merchant, to miſs Helen Ogilvie, of Ballyloran, near Larne.—At Hacketſtown, county Wicklow, 9th inſt. lieut. Roſs, of

of the 92d, or Gordon's highlanders, to the amiable mrs. Lamb, relict of James Lamb, esq. late of Aughavanagh, county Wicklow.—Mr. Greenwood, of Kentish-town, near London, to miss Munden, eldest daughter of mr. Munden, of Covent-garden theatre.—Mr. Wm. M'Evoy, of Mountrath street, to miss Letitia Boyd, of said street.—Mr. Edward Conyers, excise officer, Newry, to miss Chappell, daughter of Henry Chappell, esq. of this city.—In London, mr. Charles Kemble, comedian, to the celebrated miss De Camp, both of Covent-garden theatre.—Mr. Francis Murphy, to miss Anne Dignan, daughter of Patrick Dignan, sir John Rogerson's-quay.——Henry Waldron, esq. eldest son of William Waldron, of Farraugh, esq. to miss Margaret Johnson, second daughter of Wm. Johnson, esq. of Balla, both in the co. Mayo.—George Smith, esq. of the barrack department, to miss Charlotte Hardy, third daughter of Thomas Hardy, of Wakefield, in Yorkshire.—By special licence, Wm. Marriott, esq. of London, to miss Mary Keene, eldest daughter of Arthur Keene, esq. of Charlemont-street.—Mr. John Duffy, of Rotbuck, co. Dublin, to mrs. Catherine Nolan, of same place.—Richard M'Enniry, esq. to miss Mandeville, only daughter of Ambrose Mandeville, esq. of Ballynahamore, co. Tipperary.—At Limerick, mr. Michael Gallagher, of Granard, co. Longford, apothecary, to miss Carter, daughter of mr. John Carter.

DEATHS.

On the 15th July, near Wexford, of a decline, mr. William Gibson, late of College-green, woollen-draper: his friends, and those who were acquainted with him can best appreciate his strict probity and worth.—At Daisy-hill, co. Londonderry, Dominick M'Cautland, esq.—In Meath-street, aged 83, the rev. B. Sherlock, D. D. he was 48 years, P. P. of St. Catherine's parish, in this city.—At Rock-abbey, near Cork, mr. John Bernard.—In Drogheda, mrs. Boylan.—At Farm-hill, near Clonmell, Margaret Sweeny, aged 94, who retained her senses to the last.—At Ballynacadam, co. Kerry, mrs. Sophia Eagar, wife of Henry Eagar, esq. of the Kerry militia.—Suddenly, at Shaftesbury, England, Robert Dudley, esq. younger son to Robert Dudley, of Clonmell, esq.—A few days ago, in Chester, where she went for her recovery, of a lingering illness, in the prime of life, mrs. Eliza Boyle, late of Mary's-street.—In the 20th year of his age, Charles White, esq. eldest son of Robert White, esq. of Aghavne, in the Queen's co. and nephew to mr. Hamilton, of Sheep-hill.—Mr. John Cross, printer.—Miss Jane Prentice, eldest daughter of Thomas Prentice, esq. of Armagh.—William Scott, harbour master of Belfast, in the 80th year of his age.—At Evergreen, near Cork, mrs. Frances Farmer, relict of the late captain Farmer, of Hovel-hill, in the south liberties.—At Blackrock, lady Newenham, aged 73.—In Abbey-street, after a tedious illness, mr. Ed. Rochfort.—At Cork, J. Mullane, esq. and captain Burke, of the Galway militia.—At his house on Arran-quay, James Tuke, esq.—After a short illness, at his house in Holles-street, the rev. Francis Thomas, of Tullabrin, county of Kilkenny.—Lately, at Vienna, general Melas, Bonaparte's adversary at the memorable battle of Marengo.—In Jervis-street, master Thomas Warren, second son of Robert Warren, esq.——At Broadleas, near Ballymore Eustace, master Jer. Noud, nephew to the rev. mr. Devoy.—At Air, Scotland, mr. David Blair, after a lingering illness.—In the bloom of innocence and youth, miss Hay, daughter of M. J. Hay, esq. of Dorset-street, and granddaughter to the right hon. the lord mayor.—After a short illness, Thomas Rorke, of Meath street.—At Coalbeg, near Wicklow, miss Steele, sister-in-law to alderman George Evans, of Drogheda.—In Coghill's-court, Dame-street, mrs. Fitzpatrick, mantua-maker.—At Rahobeth, near Dolphin's-barn, on the 21st of July, John Kiernan, esq. He was highly esteemed and respected, for his punctuality and many virtues.

Earl of Harrington
Commander of the Forces in
Ireland